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Periodical Dept.

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY



GRESS

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13 WEEKS \$1.00. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post-office.



## SURPRISE PICTURE.—No. III.

"TO WHICH ONE DOES THE ENGAGEMENT-RING BELONG?"

It is an engagement-ring—an exquisitely beautiful little circlet, set with diamonds that flash like the aurora borealis—but no matter if it were only a plain, modest band, it would be just as interesting, because it is an engagement-ring. Not only that, but it is at the present moment enveloped in a most piquant mystery—in this wise: Two sisters, the Misses Ada and Zaida Delmar, have been entertaining at their home in New York, during the gay social season, their pretty cousin, Miss Dunlap, of Chicago, and her friend Miss Amélie Devere, who is attending the morning musicales at the Astoria. Quite superfluous to add, each of these young ladies has her train of admirers in general, and her one preferred cavalier in particular. It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence, however, that with all four the *affaire de cœur* is at a crisis, and the simultaneous announcement of a quartette of engagements is regarded as imminent. Precisely at this critical time a tiny package arrives at the house, and is received by Mrs. Delmar, the mother of the two sisters Ada and Zaida. It contains an engagement-ring, accompanied by no address nor explanation save that afforded by the inscription of a date and the initials "A. D." graven inside the circlet. "A. D.," of course, stands for Ada Delmar. "But," interposes one of the Chicago girls, "might it not mean Amélie Devere?" "Or Alice Dunlap?" cries the other. "Why, there are three A. D.'s here—and I'm not one of them," sighs Zaida Delmar. "If that A were only Z!" At this juncture a gentleman caller is announced. He is the cavalier of one of the four young ladies. Perhaps he can solve the riddle of "To whom does the engagement-ring belong?"



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARRELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
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## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY desires to be in communication with representative newspaper men in every part of the United States, those who would be willing to furnish special information regarding matters of special interest in their respective localities whenever it might be required. The editor will be glad to receive communications on this subject from responsible persons.

## A Chance for Commercial Travelers.

No experiences in every-day life are more interesting than those of the commercial traveler. The "drummer," as he is sometimes called, is the best of story-tellers, and his most interesting narratives concern his own varied experiences. LESLIE'S WEEKLY would like to print some of the most interesting personal reminiscences of the American commercial traveler, and to that end it offers a prize of fifty dollars for the best story, sketch, experience, or reminiscence from one hundred to five hundred words long, and one hundred dollars for the best story from five hundred to two thousand words long. The stories submitted must relate to actual experiences. LESLIE'S WEEKLY is to have the privilege of using all the articles submitted in the competition without any other than the prize payment, unless stamps are inclosed for the return of manuscripts. The competition is limited to a period extending to the 1st of May next, and the award of the prizes will be made by the literary editor of this paper. Communications should simply be addressed to the Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

## Attack the Pension-agent.

IF for any reason another war should be forced upon the American people, we doubt if there would be such a rush to enlist as was witnessed at the beginning of our civil contest. The men who left wives and children and hastened to the defense of their flag, with an assurance from their neighbors that their families would be provided for, and an assurance from the government that they would receive three dollars a week and sustenance if they lived, and a miserable pittance if they were disabled, have lived—or some of them have—to witness the day when the public press is denouncing them as bounty-jumpers and deserters.

There may be, and no doubt are, some fraudulent pensioners. Perhaps a few bounty-jumpers or scapegraces are receiving pensions, but, after all, is it just and decent that all the pensioners should be subjected to general criticism and fierce denunciation? Every one familiar with the history of pension legislation knows that this legislation was not inspired by the veterans. The pension-agent has been the chief beneficiary of every pension law. He has framed pension bills to suit himself. This abuse at one time became so notorious that Congress was compelled to interfere and legislate to protect the pensioner from the pension shark.

Let the warfare against the honest pensioner cease, turn the guns on the pension-agent who skulked during the war, and after the war legislated money into his own pocket under the pretense that he was doing a patriotic service for the wounded and disabled Union soldier. It would be far better, far more patriotic and decent, to give a service pension to every honorable man who fought on either side in the late war, whether he was a Confederate or a Union soldier, than to deprive the impoverished and disabled Union veterans of the pittance the government gives them.

## The Literature and Art of the Poor.

A recent meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the "Carnegie Circle," held at their training school, in one of the most squalid districts of New York City, the topic of discussion was "Purity in Literature and Art." As the work of these gentle missionaries is conducted on the "settlement" plan, in the slums of the city, it is naturally to be inferred that by "literature and art" they mean what occupies the place of such in the harsh and distorted lives of the poor. That is, chiefly, the daily newspaper—the cheapest and the most sensational, naturally.

With its glaring and suggestive pictures, and its selection of "news" with a view solely to presenting the morbid, the startling, the criminal aspects of daily life under brief and brutal head-lines, this species of journalism at once fosters and appeases a craving for excitement and

emotion in the sad, colorless lives of which it insensibly grows to be a part. The influence, for good or evil, of such spiritual pabulum is incalculable.

One of the ladies concerned in this discussion and work has been successfully active in obtaining the suppression of indecent publications. She says: "People think in pictures, and those pictures must be pure and beautiful to make the character good. Reforms are not from outside, but from the ideal within. While we must have prohibitory laws and temperance regulations to thoroughly reform people, we must also get at their thoughts and give them something pure to think of."

This is a sound principle, with nothing necessarily impracticable about its application. Of course it will require a struggle to make people give up what is bad, interesting, and cheap; but they can be induced to make the sacrifice in favor of what is good, provided the latter be at the same time interesting, and free.

## "My Uncle" as a Bicycle Guardian.

If you are a cyclist, and in Paris for the winter, you may find it convenient to pawn your wheel. This does not necessarily imply that you are financially stranded, but simply that the French Mont de Piété, which is an institution under state control, affords a safe and inexpensive means of storing your machine during the three or four months that its out-door occupation is gone. It costs less than a franc a month, and the authorities make special provision for the accommodation of bicycles, of which they are bound to take good care.

So the fair but improvident Parisienne—who is the living prototype of *la Cigale* in the fable of the grasshopper and the ant—hypothecates her wheel when the snow begins to fly, and with the proceeds takes out her fur-lined circular wrap from the same institution, where during the summer it has been doing passive service as collateral security for a loan. Next April she can change back again, and all's merry. Really, when we think of such conveniences as this, and contrast them with our common three-ball "hock-shops," we have to admit that they manage such things better in France.

## "We Are Here To Win."

"We are here to win," were the words spoken by the most eminent financier of New York City, if not of the United States, at the recent banquet of the Albany Society of New York at Delmonico's. Hon. F. P. Olcott, as president of the society, was called upon to speak. He is not a public speaker. He is a man of action, rather than words, and he began by using the expression quoted, following it up by the statement that this had been the motto of his life, and the secret of his successful business career.

The banker's motto is a good one for everybody. The student deep in his studies, anxious over his examinations, impatient to graduate, will find consolation and stimulus in the thought that "We are here to win!"

The business man perplexed with many cares, moved hither and thither by varying currents of prosperity or adversity, fearful of panics, hopeful of better things, and dreading uncertainties, will stir anew his flagging energies by the thought that "We are here to win!"

The patriotic citizen who insists that morality has something to do with public affairs, and that the same high standards should prevail in public as in private life; who sincerely believes in the elevation of the civil service, in a business-like administration of municipalities and of all public affairs, may find himself borne down and trodden under the feet of a gang of political mercenaries. But the cause of reform is not lost in a single day. One battle lost means that another battle must be fought and won. The good citizen should march on to victory, carrying a flag inscribed, "We are bound to win!"

Nothing succeeds like success, and no one ever succeeded who did not believe in his star of destiny. If a young man has no confidence in himself, no one else will have confidence in him. He needs a motto. Let him adopt that of the great banker: "We are here to win!"

## The Drug-clerks' Demand.

THE average city drug-store clerk, whose duties include incidentally the compounding of prescriptions and the dispensing of deadly poisons, has to work about fourteen hours a day, including Sundays, and sleep on a cot in the back of the shop. This is manifestly an abuse, and a menace to the public whom the "chemists," as our English cousins call them, undertake to serve. It is not a case of Shakespeare's "starved apothecary," whose poverty but not his will consents to the crime of selling poison, but of a drowsed apothecary-clerk whose physical and mental exhaustion tend to confuse in his mind the identities of alkaline and acid, and make him commit blunders that are as bad as crimes, if not worse.

So the "Druggists' League for Shorter Hours," which is an association of working and employing druggists in New York City, is agitating for the passage of a law, applicable to all cities of the first class in the State, limiting the working time of drug-clerks to twelve hours on Saturdays, four hours on Sundays and holidays, and ten hours on other days; also prohibiting their sleeping in the shop. This very reasonable reformatory measure has the support of a number of influential economic associations and consumers' leagues. That support should, and probably will, be made unanimous. The need for such a law requires no argument to prove it.

## Last Week's Surprise Picture.

ONE of the surprises is the lively interest taken by many readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY in the situation depicted in our Surprise Picture number two, published last week, and the various ingenious solutions offered. The picture, it will be remembered, showed the bewildering predicament of a young man

about to propose marriage to one of three girls, each of whom has apparently about an equal claim to the honor. To which one did he propose? Some say to the Boston girl, naturally—the bookish maiden in the front of the group. Others are positive that he made "a dead set" for the Philadelphia belle, standing just behind her, and with whom he was supposed to have fallen desperately in love. Then, again, there are those who believe the New York girl, though in the shadowy background of the picture, cannot lose. As the event proved, the guessers in the last category were right, though the affair turned out differently from what even they expected. What the young man's actual intention may have been, as to proposing, nobody knows, nor ever will know; because Miss Manhattan, who is a sensible, self-reliant twentieth-century sort of a girl, finding this eligible male creature wavering, and in her own parlor, just went to work and proposed to him herself—and was accepted with thanks.

## The Plain Truth.

WHILE we have been hesitating to accept the gift of Hawaii by annexation, England is threatening to go to war, in order to obtain access to additional treaty ports in China. The Englishman says: "What we want in China is trade." If England had an opportunity to secure control of the Hawaiian Islands it wouldn't take fifteen minutes for John Bull to take her into his arms. When will the American people learn that trade and commerce constitute the chief elements of national power?

It is said that J. Pierpont Morgan, the eminent financier, is endeavoring to unite the bituminous coal-mines of the West and South in a combination in the nature of a trust, for the purpose of conserving their management and operation, and saving them from the ruinous results of fierce competition. The banker's plan, it is also said, includes a novel arrangement by which the miners will be assured of better pay, and of an advance in wages corresponding with the growth of the profits of the combination. If the organization of a coal trust will improve the condition of the bituminous coal-miners and their families, involving the welfare of nearly a million persons, no one will complain. The depression of the coal industry has reduced many of these miners to the condition of poverty, and the widespread distress in the bituminous coal regions has been the subject of frequent and severe comment.

It is just lovely to observe how Boss Foraker, of Ohio, Boss Platt, of New York, and the rest of the bosses who have been, and still are, jealous of Senator Hanna's growing power, and who were recently laughing in their sleeves at the prospect of his defeat, are now tumbling over themselves in an effort to grasp his hand and congratulate him. Everybody knows that Hanna stands for the administration, and the bosses who fought both Hanna and McKinley in 1896 realize that without patronage they cannot be bosses. They are doing with McKinley precisely what they did with President Harrison—that is, getting all the favors they can out of him, and at the same time reserving the right to oppose his renomination. It is not too early to predict, if McKinley seek a renomination, and if Mr. Hanna should be his champion in 1900 as he was in 1896, that Foraker, Platt, and Quay will be then as vigorously opposed to him, if they live and have any political influence at that time, as they were in 1896. And they are all now using President McKinley to the best of their ability to kill off McKinley's friends. They want peace now, but they will be looking for pieces in 1900.

Where is the well-informed and watchful public man who can give us the "inside" of the construction of the American navy? Congress has just passed a deficiency appropriation bill setting aside six hundred thousand dollars to repair our war-ships. The *Chicago* and *Atlanta* must be modernized. Both are comparatively new, but the explanation is that the advance in ship-building makes it necessary to rebuild them. The *Philadelphia*, *Charleston*, *Yorktown*, *Ranger*, *Adams*, *Pensacola*, and *Hartford* must also be repaired and put in condition, and we are told that the six hundred thousand dollars will only do half of the work. We are also told that all of the older cruisers must be refitted with rapid-fire guns. It is more than strange that these great war-ships, so recently built and accepted after trial, are already found to be unseaworthy, and in need of extensive overhauling. When they were launched we were told of their wonderful merits, and on their trial trips most of them won premiums for their remarkable sea-going qualities; now none of them is fit to go to sea. Their builders have pocketed the profits, and will also, no doubt, pocket the profits of many millions of the additional appropriations which Congress is so persistently urged to make under the stimulus of the navy lobby.

When such an experienced, far-seeing, and sagacious statesman as Chauncey M. Depew scents danger it is safe to say that danger is in sight. The unusual compliment was recently paid him of a unanimous election to the presidency of the Republican Club of New York City. In accepting the office he made a speech of great significance. He said: "The two curses of power are flattery and isolation, because they prevent access to the great official, or leader, and make his mind inhospitable to advice and suggestions other than his desires." Political leaders who think the province of leadership is to boss will find food for reflection in Mr. Depew's remark, and every one will concur in his additional statement that "More and more every day the business man of America is coming to understand that his highest business is the business of politics." Mr. Depew said that "Blow after blow from the President, or from Congress, has taught us that from Washington can come any night the paralysis of trade and the stoppage of industries, or from Washington can come the legislation which will energize and promote the business interests of the country." Other nations make commercial issues supreme. In this country political issues predominate. Other nations build navies and equip armies to open new ports of trade. We legislate for patronage instead of



patriotism. President Depew struck the key-note, and it was a timely note of alarm to the American people.

"The gas deal" in Philadelphia has roused the people of that community to a sense of their danger. It will be remembered that a corporation known as the U. G. I., or United Gas Improvement Company, and of which Thomas Dolan, John Wankmeyer, Wayne McVeagh, and others are stockholders, obtained, through the peculiar action of the city councils, and in spite of the earnest protest of many of the best citizens (in which protest Mr. McVeagh, to his lasting credit, vigorously joined), a lease of the Philadelphia city gas-works, valued at from thirty million to fifty million dollars. This lease was given to the U. G. I. virtually for little or no compensation, although other bidders offered to take the lease on precisely the same terms of the U. G. I., and to put a bonus of from one million to ten million dollars into the city treasury. The political "combine" which handed this lease over to the U. G. I. is now in the field with a party ticket. Independent Republicans who have been outraged by the action of the "combine" have organized a movement for the purification of municipal affairs. The title of the new party is the Anti-Martin party, and we hope it will win; and the good work should not stop until the gang who traded off the gas-works have been brought to the bar of public judgment.

An observing journalist recently remarked that the present time indicated the low-water mark of journalism in this country, and especially in New York State; that fierce rivalries and bitter competition were ruining some of the best dailies, and that few were as prosperous as they were a short time ago. Another experienced journalist attributes this depression to the extraordinary competition in the advertising department, growing out of the development of magazine, poster, and street-car advertising. The advertising on the elevated railroads of New York City, it is said, has taken from the daily papers more than a million dollars' worth of patronage a year, and yet there is a serious question whether a railroad charter confers the right to do railway advertising. The charter is granted for the public convenience, and is not intended to be utilized merely for personal profit. Otherwise buildings could be erected on the elevated structure for purposes of rental, and various other things could be done which on their face would be manifestly illegal. If the newspapers suffer, it is because they have not been alert and insistent in protecting their own rights. Assemblyman Hoffman has introduced a bill providing that elevated railroads shall not carry on any business except that specified in the statute under which they are organized. If there is any uncertainty as to the right of street-car lines to intrude into the domain of the newspaper, the law should be made clear.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—MAYOR JAMES D. PHELAN is one of the youngest mayors San Francisco has ever had. He is a millionaire, the son of a



MAYOR JAMES D. PHELAN.

pioneer, also James D. Phelan, and a successful financier in his own right. Mr. Phelan is interested in politics and is said to have gubernatorial and Senatorial ambitions. He actually succeeded in polling a large socialistic and labor vote in spite of his great wealth. This was owing largely to his attractive personality. He made his own canvass and campaigned actively. He was so affable in dealing with the people whom he addressed that he

won them against their prejudices. Since he has been in office Mr. Phelan has done a great deal for the city of his birth. He has contributed largely to its boulevard fund, has given a beautiful fountain, and is always on the side of improvement and clean policy. In fact, he believes in clean politics as well as in clean streets, and, though a Democrat, is in sympathy a non-partisan. All shades of political belief voted for him, and his constituents have not been disappointed in their aggressive candidate. Mayor Phelan led the recent crusade against the board of supervisors of San Francisco. He ousted the entire board on a technicality in accordance with a decision of the Superior Court. The Supreme Court temporarily upset the decision and the old board was reinstated after a new board had been appointed by the Governor and the mayor and had taken its seat. The controversy is still pending for final decision before the Supreme Court. The young mayor is college bred and has traveled extensively. His tastes are literary and artistic, and he is an admirable public speaker. He was bred to the law, but found the management of his property sufficient to occupy his time, and of late has made politics his study. He is still in the early thirties, and has not yet found time to marry. He is a well-known club man, and was the means of introducing the Australian ballot system to California voters, which is, perhaps, his most important public service.

—Gladstone's recent celebration of his eighty-eighth birthday anniversary brings up a number of good stories, some of them new, about the great commoner. The following is from the "Life and Correspondence" of the late Archbishop Magee:

Father Healy was once breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone, when the latter, ever ready for the usual argument, broke out with, "Father Healy, I went into a church in Rome once, and was offered a plenary indulgence for fifty francs. On what principle does your church grant such things?" But Father Healy was not to be drawn. He replied, "Well, Mr. Gladstone, I don't want to go into theology with you, but all I can say is that if my church offered you a plenary indulgence for fifty francs she let you off very cheaply." For once in his life, it is said, Mr. Gladstone was not ready with his reply. Mr. Gladstone is a famous bookworm, and his method of reading is rather peculiar. According to his daughter he generally has three books on hand at once, of various degrees of solidity, the evening one being a novel. Scott easily holds the first place in his estimation, but he reads any novel which is being talked about. Stevenson is a favorite. Mr. Gladstone himself has stated that the four authors who have had the greatest influence on his mind are Dante, Aristotle, Bishop Butler, and St. Augustine. The whole evening is usually spent in reading, with occasional pauses for meditation with closed eyes, which, his daughter says, not infrequently becomes a nap. Regarding Stevenson's "Treasure Island," he read it only once when it first came out, but to this day he often discusses with members of his family the fifteen different murders described therein.

—The Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, member of the British Parliament for South Wolverhampton, known as the



RIGHT HON. CHARLES PELHAM VILLIERS.

"Father of the House of Commons" and doyen of the Bar, celebrated on the 3d ultimo his ninety-sixth birthday, and received a large number of congratulatory messages upon his continued enjoyment of comparatively good health. The tidings of his death, a fortnight later, attract marked attention. Mr. Villiers had uninterruptedly represented his borough since 1835—a period of sixty-three years. This record of Parliamentary service is unexampled in England. Perhaps the nearest parallel to it that our country can furnish is the political career of United States Senator Justin Smith Morrill, of Vermont, now in his eighty-ninth year, and who was first elected to Congress in 1855. Mr. Gladstone, seven years the junior of Mr. Villiers, entered Parliament two years before him; but while the service of Mr. Villiers had been continuous, that of Mr. Gladstone was broken when he retired from the House of Commons. One of the secrets of Mr. Villiers's longevity, according to his own confession, was in keeping away, in his patriarchal days, from the House of Commons; but his memory was brightly retentive to the last, and he was fond of entertaining his friends with his Parliamentary reminiscences of the first half of the century. He often went to the House to hear Canning speak, and he described him as a wonderful orator. With Cobden and Bright, Mr. Villiers was intimately associated in the anti-corn laws agitation. He could recall Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Daniel O'Connell, Hume, Grote, and Disraeli. He always delighted to recount the circumstance that he was in the House when Disraeli made the celebrated speech in which he said that some day the House would be compelled to listen to him.

—Perhaps the most picturesque character in Tennessee politics to-day is Governor Robert L. Taylor. Since his memo-



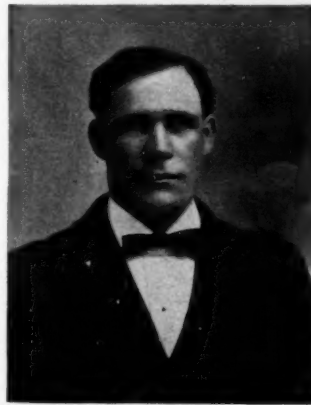
GOVERNOR ROBERT L. TAYLOR.

able campaign in 1888, for the Governorship, against his brother "Alf," the nominee of the Republicans, when he carried his old violin from "Carter to Shelby" and back, leaving "Alf" to play second fiddle both really and figuratively, he has been the idol of Tennessee's Democracy. His penchant for pardoning criminals dimmed his popularity for a time, but he retired from his second term of office to win new laurels in the lecture field. The "fiddle and the bow" found for him a warm corner on the hearthstone of hearts. "Our Bob" was reveling in the sunshine of popular favor when Democracy, again fearing defeat, called upon him to use the witchery of his tongue in her behalf, and he talked himself into the gubernatorial chair a third time. Thus he became the "centennial Governor," and did the honors last summer. Some of Governor Taylor's admirers are urging

him to allow his name to go before the present session of the Legislature as candidate for the United States Senate, and he is ready to listen. A sage piece of political advice is: Keep your eyes on Taylor; his head isn't bald for nothing. Our snapshot is a characteristic pose seen from the rear, and shows the "red rose of Tennessee" entertaining a group of friends in front of the Woman's building at the Tennessee centennial on a hot August day.

—Ex-Senator Horace A. W. Tabor, of Colorado, has been nominated postmaster of Denver. His picturesque personality has gained him national celebrity as a type of the Western "self-made" man, who is frequently also self-unmade. He was a United States Senator for thirty-seven days only—from January 27th to March 4th, 1883—having been elected by the Colorado Legislature to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Henry M. Teller, who resigned to accept an office in President Arthur's Cabinet. As a Senator, Mr. Tabor was a Republican, but now he is a Bryanite. He seems to be remembered in Washington chiefly as "the possessor of a three-hundred-dollar night-shirt and a handsome wife." The latter, at least, he still possesses, together with a home in Denver that is described as being in contrast to his former palatial residence. He built a gorgeous opera-house, in his palmy days, and with unaffected modesty intimated to the decorator of its interior that the portrait of Shakespeare designed for the ceiling might be advantageously replaced by his own, as Shakespeare was dead, and had been only a foreigner, anyhow.

—A thirty-five-year-old "school-boy" is Edmond Hubbard. He was born in the mountains of Knox County, Kentucky, of



EDMOND HUBBARD.

poor and uneducated parents, who gave him no advantages whatever. He moved to Stanford, Kentucky, eight or ten years ago, felt called on to preach, and having no education entered the public school at that place last session, and has since been a pupil. He studies hard, but sometimes is "kept in" for not knowing his lesson. At play-time he joins with pupils in their games, and seems to enjoy them. His preaching has been confined to the mountain section, and those who have

heard him say that he seems to have a natural gift for the profession. Considerable success has crowned his efforts, twenty-one persons having professed religion under his preaching the last year. He has worked as a farm-hand all his life, and has to labor yet for means to attend school. Mr. Hubbard has been married eight or ten years, but has no children. He is a member of the Campbellite Church.

—Great credit is due Mrs. Elizabeth A. Turner, of Boston, chairman of the Women's Relief Corps committee on Ander-



MRS. ELIZABETH A. TURNER.

sonville Prison, for having obtained in consideration of one dollar from the city of Boston the imposing granite and iron gates that have stood at the entrance of Boston Common, opposite West Street, for more than two generations. These gates are to be shipped to Andersonville and erected at the entrance to the reservation which the Women's Relief Corps have succeeded in having set apart as a memorial to the twenty thousand Union prisoners who died there during the Rebellion. Mrs. Turner is a woman of more than ordinary executive ability. Married at seventeen, left a widow at twenty, she has devoted all her spare moments since to the interests of the Union soldiers. She packed the first box that was sent from Boston to the front to the famous Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, that was attacked on its passage through Baltimore, en route to defend the national capital in 1861. When the Women's Relief Corps was founded in 1883, Mrs. Turner was one of the three Massachusetts women who went to Denver and helped form the organization. She has been the treasurer of the corps, and in 1895 was elected president. She was one of the founders of the soldiers' home in Massachusetts.

—Several months ago LESLIE'S WEEKLY announced the arrival in New York of Mr. Walter Malone, a young poet from Tennessee. Since then the readers of this paper have been given an opportunity to test the quality of Mr. Malone's very musical verses. It is pleasant now to chronicle the fact that Mr. Malone has already received recognition from those best qualified to judge achievements in the literary art. If he is not the talk of the town—the town, alas! does not discuss poetry much in these present days—he is pretty sure to be mentioned when two or three of his contemporary writers chance to meet. In Mr. Malone's verses there are always evidences of a love of nature and an appreciation of the beauties of the earth and sky, while his expressions of these feelings are sure to be tempered with a humanness, as though he held that the earth was made for man's enjoyment, and that Nature in her various manifestations was ever endeavoring to say this to us with an eloquence greater than words. Mr. Malone is all unspoiled by what has happened; nor is it likely that he could be spoiled, for he is made of good honest stuff, and is as much of a man as he is of a poet.





SCENE ON GARRISON AVENUE BEFORE THE CYCLONE.



RUINS OF THE HIGH-SCHOOL BUILDING.



SCENE ON GARRISON AVENUE, FROM TENTH STREET.

THE RECENT DISASTROUS CYCLONE AT FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 74.]



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, COMEDIAN.



ANNA LICHTER, PRIMA-DONNA SOPRANO.



JOSEPH F. SHEEHAN, TENOR.



WILLIAM STEWART, BARITONE.



RUTH WHITE, CONTRALTO.



OSCAR GIRARD, COMEDIAN.



GRACE GOLDEN, PRIMA-DONNA SOPRANO.

SOME OF THE FAVORITE SINGERS OF THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY AT THE AMERICAN THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.

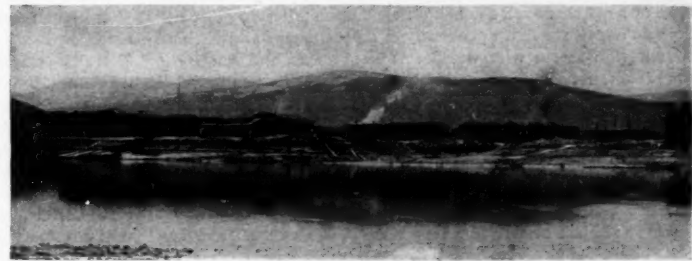
Until the advent of the Castle Square organization, it was a theory rather than a condition in New York that the presentation of grand and comic opera in first-class style, in the English language, by capable artists and *ensemble*, and at really popular prices, would be a profitable enterprise. Now that commodious and handsome West Side theatre, the American, is prospering exceedingly as the home of a Castle Square company that more than maintains the reputation of those which made the name famous originally in Boston, and subsequently in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities. The place is thronged nightly, "standing-room only" is the rule for late-comers at matinées, and a large season subscription-list shows that its patrons are as confident of the future as they are satisfied with the present. The bill is changed weekly. Grand, romantic, and comic operas, with even an occasional extravaganza, are given in just the relative proportions and variety to please continuously that large public which loves good, clean music. Manager Savage, moreover, has apparently inexhaustible resources for casting these various pieces. Within a single month we have had in principal rôles the artists whose portraits are given here; and the current opera this week ("Mignon") reveals, in addition to the above, Yvonne de Treville, Amelia Russell, Lizzie Macnichol, Arthur Wooley, William Wolff, and John Read.



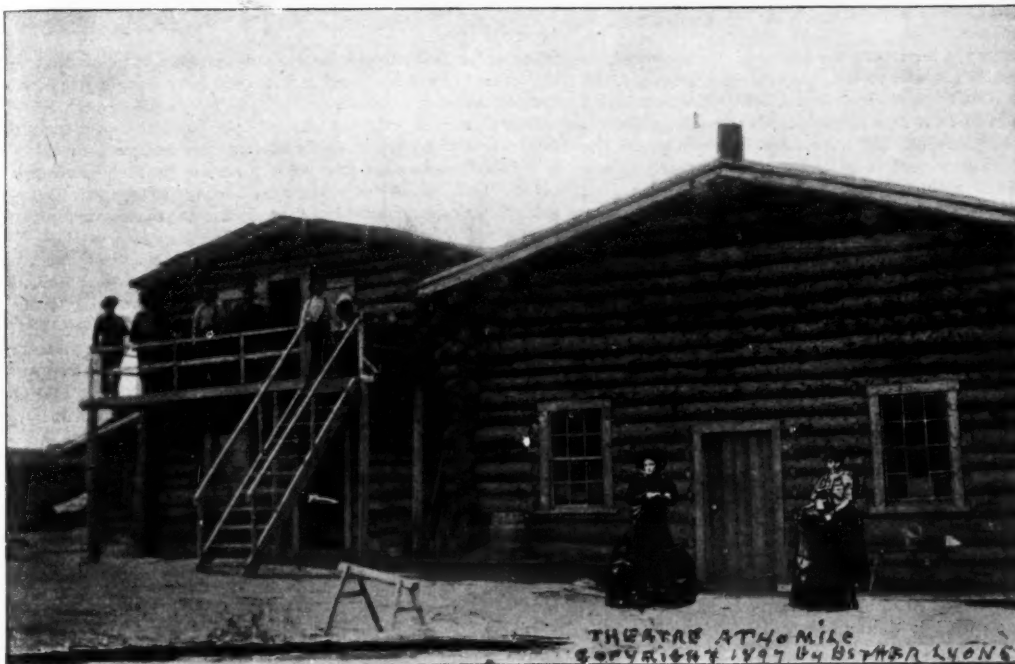


(Continued from last week.)  
Of course we can't leave the vicinity of Dawson without visiting in turn some of those vast gold-fields of which we have heard so much. A woman in camp! How we were welcomed, with what hale and hearty cheers, and how generously those big-hearted miners gave us information! Here we met all manner and conditions of men, rough exterior and homely garb; and many a professor, a college graduate, or a medical student; even younger sons of some brilliant English magnate—all after gold, gold. About half an hour out from Dawson, through marsh, mud, and mire, we found ourselves in the mines. Fourteen miles from Dawson City, twelve

eral breweries and distilleries. We immediately noticed the comfortable appearance of all the buildings in Forty-mile Post. They are all built of logs chinked with moss. The roofs are of poles chinked with moss, covered with a foot of dirt all over, so in summer it is not unusual to see quite a hanging-garden on these cozy log buildings. In winter the men in Alaska all have clean. When I asked them the reason why, they said that at forty below zero the breath freezes, and that it was not very comfortable to walk around with icebergs hanging on beard and mustache. In summer they wear all the hair possible on the face to protect them, in a measure, from the mosquitoes. Rather more than half a mile below the Forty-mile town-site the town of Fort Cudahy lies on the north side of the Forty-mile River. It is also quite a town, and the competition between the two towns and the two trading companies makes things lively. Only twenty-three miles of Forty-mile River is in Canada, the rest in Alaska. It is one hundred and twenty-five miles wide at its mouth, but about eight miles up is the so-called cañon. This is a dangerous spot, but the scenery is beautiful. Here we found many specimens of very fine silver. Before the discovery of the Klondike, Miller Creek was the richest discovery. It is sixty-two miles from Forty-mile Creek. Here we visited many claims. It would be unfair to leave this portion of the country without speaking of the dogs. The Alaskan or Esquimaux dog is closely allied to the wolf.



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FORTY-MILE CREEK.



THEATRE AT FORTY-MILE.

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He never barks, but keeps up a continual howling, which at different times during the night has nearly driven me mad.

These dogs are born thieves; they will steal anything. Everything in the way of boots, leather, dog harness, and so forth, has to be kept well out of their reach. The advent of a new comer is always celebrated by a general fight. They are used for packing to the mines in winter. In fact, one never realizes what a dog means until he travels in Alaska. As well imagine the inhabitant of the plain without his horse as the Yukoner without his dog or dogs. Reindeer-farms have for the past few years been established in Alaska. Of course, as yet they are only experimental, but I think that the day is not far distant when they will replace the dog. These Alaskan dogs just love to devour a pair of boots. One day I walked quite a distance bootless because I had been careless in placing my boots within the reach of our canines the night before. Fortunately, I had an extra pair in safe keeping some little distance away, or I would have been in a sorry plight. Most of the summer in this region is spent in prospecting, and now the miners work all winter by a system called burning. This is done by building and lighting fires on the surface, thus thawing the ground until bed-rock is reached. Then they drift and tunnel. The pay-dirt is thrown up in a pile until spring, when water is plenty; the sluice-boxes are then set up and the dirt is washed out. About the middle of September sees a long, dreary winter set in, and it is winter until about the beginning of June, but the atmosphere being so dry in the interior, the cold is much more easily endured than on the coast.

From the middle of June until the beginning of August there is continuous daylight, but in the middle of winter there is little more than three hours of partial day in the twenty-four.

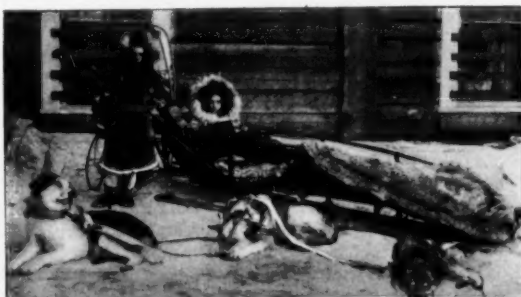
From Klondike River on to Circle City, a distance of over two hundred and fifty miles, is a picturesque country abounding in bold headlands of stupendous height. When we were nearing Circle City, about a mile or two distant we sighted what looked like a very neat and attractive Indian village.

(Continued on page 71.)

miles up Bonanza Creek, one and one-half miles from where it empties into the Yukon, gold was first discovered by Siwash George Carmack and his two Indian brothers-in-law late in August, 1896. And what a story here began! A few chapters have been told, but there is more, and the best is yet to come. From personal observation of that great country I should say that one hundred thousand men could prospect in the Yukon basin and one never see the other, so vast is that country.

We visited Bonanza, El Dorado, and Sulphur Creek, all rich, rich beyond imagination, returning to Dawson from Sulphur Creek. We can't help but retrospect. What a country—what prospects! But it needs men and women made of the right kind of stuff.

About six miles below the mouth of the Klondike are the ruins of old Fort Reliance. Forty miles from old Fort Reliance we come to Forty-mile Creek. This creek enters the Yukon from the west, and on a point of land formed by the union of Forty-mile Creek and the Yukon we have Forty-mile Post. This is quite a town. Here are a large store, two blacksmith-shops, two restaurants, three billiard-halls, rival dance-houses, opera-house, cigar-factory, barber-shop, two bakeries, and sev-



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AN ALASKAN DOG-TEAM.



CLAIM 3, IN MILLER CREEK.

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# HOW MRS. DENNANT PAID HER DEBT.

By ESTHER MILLER.

"RESTRICTIONS" was certainly the book of the year. It may have been, as *The Oracle* expounded in a column and a half of solid type, that it owed its success in large measure to a mere felicity of title—a happy inspiration which suggested the opening up of new ground, so to speak, in modern fiction. But whether the implied originality or a subtler merit were to blame, the little volume, issued in March, ran into its twelfth edition the week Laura Dennant came to Bagworthy Park.

Everybody who was anybody turned up at Bagworthy Park in those days. Sydney Tallantire had just added the *Morning Mail* to his miscellaneous newspaper properties, and blossomed forth as a land-owner and a prominent force in the Conservative interest. Most men reach their meridian at a later date, but he was well under thirty-five, with a fine young appetite for lions, and sometimes he would have as many as half a dozen prowling about at once.

Of course, wherever she might be, Mrs. Dennant was always the centre of attraction, for the male element at any rate. It has been asserted publicly by a New Vagabond that she was the most fascinating woman in London, and the fact that she was quite aware of it herself by no means detracted from the magnetism of her charms. Tall, slender, and *chic*, with pensive dark eyes and white teeth, she was never at a loss for a smart retort, and never unbecomingly dressed. Two years ago, in the wake of her first novel, she had dawned upon "literary circles" from an expensive flat, apparently of ample means and without a connection in the wide world. Who she was, and where she came from, nobody knew and nobody cared. She was traveled and evidently accustomed to good society, and her little dinners were absolute gems.

"They do say she has had a past," confided the hostess to a friend who knew not Joseph. "But I can't persuade myself to believe dear Laura would have had anything so commonplace!"

Before she had been in the house a week, Hesketh, of the home office, had tried to persuade her that she might have a desirable future, at any rate, with him; but she declined the experiment as she declined many others, characteristically, with a touch of petulance.

"My dear Sir Reginald," she said, "believe me, you are better off as you are. I get tired of people so soon, and when I am bored my temper is horrid. I shall never marry again."

The interesting event had come off in strict privacy, but everybody knew the next morning why there was a gap in the breakfast-table—everybody always does know these things in a country house.

"Sir Reginald has been imperatively recalled to town," explained Mrs. Tallantire, in the honored formula required of decency. "But our number will be complete again by dinner-time. Sydney has a man coming—an American he chummed with in Boston last year. He'll be your property, Laura, *vice* Sir Reginald translated, which will no doubt delight his heart. He is a great admirer of yours."

"Dear mau! what good taste he must have," murmured Mrs. Dennant. "I'll put on my prettiest frock for his benefit."

Perhaps she did spend an extra five minutes over her toilet that evening. If matrimony with her were an illusion outlived, she apparently took quite an ordinary feminine pleasure in conquest. But the victory once achieved, be it said, the victim ceased to interest her, and she grew colder and colder as he approached fever heat.

"I am not a flirt," she explained to Mrs. Tallantire, in a rare moment of cold-blooded candor. "Men don't delight me in the least. They are merely material to me. It amuses me to increase my experience, to try experiments, and watch the results."

And Mrs. Tallantire had been very shocked indeed for half an hour, but that had not saved Sir Reginald.

She looked so well-intentioned, too, when she came down stairs by-and-by. She was in black, which always suited her, and there was a simple little arrangement of nestling pink roses at her breast which somehow suggested youth and innocence.

A man who was talking to Tallantire on the hearth-rug looked up as she entered, and his face turned red and then white, and his eyes stared at the resurrection of a buried past.

"Mr. Wilton Sommerville," introduced the hostess, "Mrs. Dennant."

There was an unspeakable moment. The smile of conventional greeting froze on the woman's lips. She felt faint and sickly hot. Then she drew a deep breath and made an effort to be natural, which shall be written among the deeds of heroism on the Judgment Day.

"Very pleased to meet you, Mr. Sommerville," she said. "I am told you do me the honor to like my books, and I am always glad to make the acquaintance"—she laid a slight stress on the word—"of my admirers. You don't know how vain I am. I have quite a childish love of praise."

He made no reply beyond bowing profoundly over her hand. He seemed at a loss what to say—bewildered, nonplussed. And when dinner was announced it was with almost reluctant diffidence that he approached to offer his arm.

She accepted it with no trace of awkwardness; the Rubicon was passed for her; she was once more entirely mistress of herself, of a most *bizarre* situation, and—shall we say, of him?

"And how long have you been in England, Mr. Sommerville?" she asked.

"I came over last week in the *City of Paris*," he answered.

"You are making a long stay?"

"I may go to Norway next month. I don't know; it depends."

"You are one of those comfortable people, of course, who can go wherever the whim of the moment allures," she said, with one of her sunny smiles. "No tiresome business to chain you to one spot; no obtrusive family ties?"

"You are as fortunate in that respect as I am, Mrs.—Mrs. Dennant; you have your freedom, too?"

"Oh, yes, I have my freedom," she answered, carelessly. "Dennant is merely a *nom de plume*."

He showed—unconsciously, no doubt—a certain relief. It mingled oddly enough with the discomfort, the almost school-boy embarrassment her society appeared to cause him. He gave one the idea of a man struggling in the tide of an overwhelming surprise, and out of his depth.

She was in one of her most brilliant moods to-night; perhaps she was excited—on her mettle. There was a flush in her cheeks, too; she had never looked so well.

Tallantire, a rabid anti-Ibsenite, disparaged the prophet across the table. Her tongue flashed like a rapier in the defense—witty, convincing, super-subtle, sure of herself, and afraid of nobody; she was accustomed to being listened to. And while she talked the eyes of the man beside her wandered furtively over her milk-white neck and throat, the perfect curve of her shoulders, the heavenward sweep of her black silk lashes, the glowing intelligence of her face, the white teeth gleaming between the red of her lips. She was very beautiful. His color rose a little.

When Mrs. Tallantire gave the signal he stooped for her fan, which she had dropped, and seized the opportunity to whisper in her ear.

"Can I speak to you for five minutes?"

He had been screwing up his courage for that simple remark since the fish.

"Oh, certainly," she said. "You will find me in the conservatory."

No doubt she knew that the pink glow of a Japanese lantern was becoming to a clear, pale skin like hers. There was an arrangement of spiky palms at the back of her Madeira chair—a mass of shadow, and some of the roses she wore had strewn their velvet petals on her dress. She played with them, smiling a little to herself, her dark head gracefully at rest. Val Hawthorne, who painted "A Summer Dream," was a great friend of hers, and had talked to her a good deal at different times. For an amateur she had a fine recognition of "values."

She had not long to wait. In a few minutes Sommerville joined her.

"I am sorry to have kept you so long," he said. "I could not get away before."

"I don't think you have been ten minutes," she answered.

"It has seemed an hour to me. Laura—Mrs. Dennant," he corrected, "you will believe me when I tell you that if I had known, if I had had the least suspicion, who was the authoress of 'Restrictions' I should not have intruded upon you. The discovery is an amazement to me. But it is quite easy to terminate the embarrassing situation in which chance has placed us. If you wish it, I can leave the house to-night."

She tossed one of the rose-petals and caught it in her white palm.

"If I wish it? My dear Mr. Sommerville, I appreciate your delicacy, but let me assure you that it is quite unnecessary, as far as I am personally concerned. Under the circumstances, no doubt it is unusual that we should be staying beneath the same roof; but I am fond of the unusual, it amuses me; one cannot be too grateful for anything like novelty of sensation in this worn-out world! Why, therefore, should I deprive you of a visit to pleasant people and a pleasant house? Why should I deprive my host and hostess of their guest? I beg that you will not permit me to affect your arrangements in any way."

"Then I can stay?" he asked, incredulously. "You have no objection?"

"Oh, none in the least," she said.

Somebody came in then, and she strolled back to the drawing-room, humming. The "somebody" was Tallantire.

"Well, what do you think of her?" he queried.

"I don't know what to think of her. I feel giddy," said the American. "Have you got a cigar?"

"Man alive, you don't mean to say you're disappointed?"

"No, I'm not exactly disappointed," replied Sommerville, caressing the Havana meditatively. "Only dazed a bit. Of course she's charming, splendid, out of sight."

Mrs. Tallantire's hand was on her door that night when Laura bore down upon her, swept her into her own bedroom, and turned the key in the lock.

"You are a woman in a thousand, Ida," she said. "In the whole three years you've known me you have smothered your curiosity nobly, and never asked me one impertinent question. The mood is on me to reward you. I am going to tell you the story of my life."

"Dear me! Why this sudden candor?"

"If I did not confide in some one I should burst," said Mrs. Dennant, frankly. "Ida, your friend from Boston is my husband."

"What?"

"Perhaps I should have said he *was* my husband," amended Mrs. Dennant, with great calmness. "We are divorced. Oh, don't look shocked; there was nothing improper, my dear! An American divorce—incompatibility of temper, don't you know. We parted seven years ago. I loved him to distraction—worshiped his boots, I think; you may imagine it when I used to store up his dead buttonholes and half-smoked cigarettes! It was eighteen months before I had the heart to burn them. Inconceivable what idiots girls can be!"

"But if you were so fond of him, why on earth did you separate?" asked Mrs. Tallantire, in natural bewilderment.

"Because I was so fond of him, because I was an inexperienced, silly fool—a child!" flashed the other woman, with a sudden light and heat, which was a revelation. "Ida, he was a brute to me—a brute! I was barely seventeen when he married me, and I had lived in the country all my life. My face was all I had, and he was a man of the world. I suppose I bored him to death after the first six months; I was so demonstrative, so obvious, so entirely ignorant of everything. But he needn't have shown it so plainly. He thought I was stupid! I

was only young. He never tried to make anything of me; he just lost patience and went his way, leaving me to break my heart at home. If only I had had the *nous* to shake his sense of security I might have saved myself; instead I cried, and reproached him with neglect—of course that was the end of all things. How miserable I was, to be sure! I can look back and see myself with my swollen eyes and red nose—such an innocent, futile, tactless little fool! When he proposed the divorce I hadn't the courage to object—it must have been almost a relief to me; that contemptuous smile of his used to cut me like a knife. So I sent for my aunt and—evolved."

Her voice died down with a note of finality. She was sunk in a dreamy attitude, with her chin resting on her hand.

"Well, Laura," said Mrs. Tallantire, breaking the pause, "I can't tell you how sorry I am that all these unpleasant recollections should have been aroused in my house. Of course we must get rid of the man somehow. I won't have your visit spoilt."

Mrs. Dennant awoke from her reverie and opened her big eyes.

"But I don't want him got rid of, my dear."

"Laura, you surely wouldn't stay on here with him?"

"Why not? Seven years is a long time. I was a lovesick girl then; to-day I am—Laura Dennant. I am going to play with Mr. Wilton Sommerville." She smiled. "I am going to pay my debts."

Mrs. Tallantire sat quite silent for a moment, lost in admiration.

"What a wonderful woman you are," she said at last. "No doubt it will serve him very well right."

The contest was most unequal from the first. He had no chance. She knew him through and through, his likes and dislikes, his opinions, his ideas; and she was a stranger to him, a mystery unfathomable, alluring, complex. Even her beauty had changed in the intervening years; it had matured—acquired that indefinable attraction which men call charm. And she did not avoid him; neither was there any malice in her gaze. It seemed as though she had wiped a sponge over the writing on the slate, as though she were resolved to forget that they had ever met before, and intended that he, too, should ignore the past.

After the first surprise he was only too glad to follow the cue she offered him. No laurel leaves could have bought from him her olive-branch of peace.

It was one afternoon under the chestnuts that the curtain fell on this weird little comedy of sentiment and passion.

"Can I guess what you want to say to me?" she repeated, airily. "My dear Mr. Sommerville, I decline to try; this heat is sufficiently exhausting. But my ears are at your service; pray begin."

A soft wind stirred the heavy branches above them, and the tendrils of her hair. She was waiting for him to speak, with a faint smile and her eyes bent upon the shadows swaying on the grass.

"Laura," he said, "I need not tell you how much pleasure this meeting of ours has given me, how intensely I admire you; you must have seen that for yourself. I love you as I never loved you in the old days. Forgive, forget; come back to me. You shall never regret it this time, so help me God!"

"Am I to understand that you wish me to marry you again?" she asked, slowly.

"Yes."

There was a dead leaf upon the grass beside her. The ivory-tipped ferrule of her sunshade played with it, piercing it, pressing it into the damp mould.

"And you are sure—really sure this time—that you love me?"

"I wish I were as sure of heaven! Laura, I was a fool then, a boy. I didn't know my own mind. But now I am no longer as young, and you are my ideal; I never thought to find the woman I could care for as I care for you!"

She raised her head then, and looked at him. There was a white blaze of passion on her face which turned him sick.

"I have been waiting for this seven years," she said, "planning for it, praying for it. I always intended that we should meet again some day, but not quite so soon. I hoped that you would marry. I meant to wait until you were no longer free, until you had cursed yourself irrevocably for life—another woman would not have been cast off as you cast off a crumpled tie, as you cast me off."

"Laura!"

"Yes, you treated me shamefully, cruelly. I was a child and I loved you; you tired of my face and broke my heart because, at seventeen, I was not a woman of the world. Perhaps you think it is a curious accident that I should have become just the type you most admire? I have studied, traveled, educated myself, created myself. From the day I left you, my one ambition, my one interest, was to make myself your ideal, to make you come back to me with your heart in your mouth and your hat in your hand, to be refused. And you have come. Oh, God, the joy of life! The years have been long, but I have succeeded; I have paid my debt at last."

He did not speak for a moment. He was staring at her blankly, like a man who has had a blow between the eyes and doesn't quite realize where he is. Then he pulled himself together with a little shake, and rose.

"Of course, under the circumstances all I can do is to wish you good-bye," he said, huskily. "I see now that I must have been a selfish, unsympathetic brute to you. I had no idea you cared so much. The fact of it is I was young, too, and a fellow with my dollars has to live a little time in the world before he finds out that he isn't God Almighty, and can't have everything his own way. I hope you'll be happy now you've got your wish. It is improbable that we shall meet again, and I should like to feel that I hadn't ruined all your life."

He stooped and kissed her hand before he turned away.



She followed his retreating figure with a vague, impersonal gaze. A silence had fallen on nature—the palpable hush which accompanies the setting of a summer sun. The piping of a blackbird broke it with a musical mournfulness of sound.

Suddenly the crimson blaze in the west seemed to melt the woman's face, to fire her cheeks, her eyes, her blood. She sprang to her feet and flung out her arms wide, wide, to heaven and earth and the man.

"Come back," she called, "come back! I love you."

## From Dawson City to Fort Yukon.

(Continued from page 69.)

Bending our course to the wind we ran down to it. When within a few hundred yards the tents and all signs of a village vanished. We all looked very foolish. Instead of a village we saw nothing but a couple of dozen of white rocks strewn on the beach, none of them over two feet high. This is a peculiar optical illusion that occurs all through Alaska, especially remarked in the flat countries. Reaching Circle City one realizes that it differs not materially from the town of Forty Mile, only that it

of our best furriers to shame. As I stood at Fort Yukon I felt a feeling akin to shame to think that previous to this trip how little I had known of the beauties and possibilities of the land of my birth. I never, in my wildest imagination, dreamed that I should one day stand in the Arctic Circle, close to the North Frigid Zone, and look around and see green grass, the tamarack-tree, and hear the buzz of the ever-present Yukon mosquito—in fact, enjoy a summer worthy of the high altitudes in the tropics. I wondered how many more subjects of our great nation were as ignorant as I had been; and I still stood there wishing that all lovers of Nature, grand, awful, solemn, silent, yet withal startlingly beautiful, could view this grand new country with me, and under as favorable auspices.

(To be continued.)

## Strange Peculiarities of Life in Hayti.

WHAT most impresses the traveler in Hayti is the atmosphere of impending revolution which manifests itself at every step, and which has again been emphasized by Germany's recent demand of an indemnity for the imprisonment of Herr Lueders, a wealthy banker's son, established at Port-au-Prince.

Revolution seems to be the pivot around which the history of the country revolves. Although in name a republic, the President has a despotic power; and the majority of presidents have been forced out of the office by the arms of their adversaries. Of course the country is, therefore, always under martial law; the highest authority are the military officials, who control the most important positions. Instead of port collectors Hayti has "commanders" of the ports; the chief of police in every town is a general—a title which the President is very liberal in bestowing; the public safety of every town and borough is in charge of the "Commandeur de la place," also a general; for the county (*arrondissement* in French, the official language), the "Commandeur de l'Arrondissement" is responsible.

Strong guards are placed near the offices and residences of these officials, and one or more field-guns stand always ready for action near the house of the town commander in Port-au-Prince, the capital.

About two miles from the shore, on a small island, is an old dilapidated fort; at the northern and southern ends of the town are old fortifications, while in the background, perched high on the mountains, are two strong forts almost opposite each other, whence the guns can easily be trained on the town. At many street corners old gun-barrels are planted as "ornaments," with their muzzles in the ground, generally at the spots where they were left dismantled in the frequent street fights. Between ten P. M., when the drums and bugles announce the "retreat," and four A. M., when they give the signal of "veille," nobody is allowed on the street under penalty of arrest. At sunset a sentry with a bayonet fastened to his loaded rifle is placed at every important street-corner, and in order to show that he is awake he must yell, every few minutes, "Qui etez vous?" (Who comes there?) whether somebody is approaching or not.

It was through a conflict with one of these sentinels that Herr Lueders achieved some notoriety some four years ago. Driving home from a banquet in high spirits at a late hour, he was hailed by a sentry placed near the "Bureau de l'Arrondissement," but passed on, although ordered to stop. When the sergeant of the guard grasped the reins of his horse Herr Lueders hit him with his whip, for which he had to spend a week in a small, dingy cell with a number of low native criminals.

The national palace, the residence of the President, is guarded by a solid wall in front, provided with small fortifications and guns, and by a large iron railing at the side and in the rear. At frequent intervals the railing is interrupted by massive brick pillars, behind which at night a sentry is placed, whose unceasingly uttered "Qui vive?" (Who's there?) keeps the stranger awake. The neighborhood is, of course, not very inviting for public traffic after sunset. If a rider attempts to pass there quickly he is hailed by the harsh command, "Au pas!" (stop), and must go slowly or risk his life.

When a fire breaks out in the town almost all the stores close, the troops stand under arms, and few except the firemen and the people near the place of conflagration venture out in the street, the reason being that most revolutionary movements are started in this manner. While fire draws the attention to some remote part of Port-au-Prince, the "conspirators," as they are always called, attempt to storm the arsenal and the prison, liberating and arming its inmates. Many a dangerous criminal owes his liberty to an incident of this nature.

Another peculiar feature of the constant excitement is the so-called *couru*—derived from *courir*, the French word for run—when everybody in the street starts to run. I remember well one that happened in Port-au-Prince, the capital, about five years ago, when the situation was comparatively quiet. Two young men who quarreled about a woman met near the market-place, drew their revolvers, and fired at each

other. This caused a panic in the market-halls; everybody commenced to run, in order to get home. Nobody knew what had happened; nobody knew what was going to happen; those who had not heard the shots, seeing the others take to their heels, also ran for the shelter of their homes. The stores closed; strong detachments of troops patrolled the streets, headed by the chief of the police, the commanders of the port, the town, and the "Arrondissement"; and finally the President himself, being in doubt as to the outcome of the affair, left the palace and rode through the streets at the head of about two hundred and fifty cavalry, with their carbines on the thigh and their fingers on the trigger, who were followed by a battalion of infantry. Only one man of the party besides the officers was without a rifle; he carried on his head a soap-box full of cartridges. All this had been caused by a few shots exchanged between two men! They were promptly arrested, but the majority of people did not know until the next morning why they "ran." It is indeed quite natural that they should look for shelter at such a time; for justice (and sometimes injustice), always summarily dispensed, is particularly high-handed at the time of a *couru*.

A similar march which President Hipolyte made through the streets at the head of his troops to quell the May insurrection of 1891 cost a good many lives. However, had the revolution been allowed to spread, thousands of Haytians might have fallen. It was on an important religious holiday, and the President was attending the Mass in the Catholic cathedral, when suddenly shots were heard, and an aide de camp brought the report that a party of conspirators had stormed the prison, and with the help of its armed inmates were attacking the arsenal. At once Hipolyte gathered his generals around himself so they could not desert him to the rebels, and placed himself at the head of the troops which are always lined up in front of the church during the President's attendance. Of course the shooting had caused a *couru*. The drums and bugles everywhere signaled the *assemblée*, calling the members of the national guard to arms; the residents who were not interested in the fight closed their front doors and windows; the foreigners hoisted the flags of their country over their houses to save themselves from annoyance and to show their neutrality.

Woe to the unfortunates who were caught running in the streets. They were considered guilty and shot on the spot. Three men, sitting on a bench in front of a little house, were gruffly asked by the President as he came down the street: "What are you doing here?" "Fusilles les" (shoot them), was his reply to their stammered answer. In vain they begged for mercy on their knees; the troops passed on, leaving three bleeding corpses behind. Such incidents were not unusual in those days. Hipolyte's theory was that those who were not with him were against him, and any Haytian capable of bearing arms, found hiding at home at such a time, was in danger of his life.

Insurrections, when bullets fly wild in all directions, furnish an excellent opportunity for private vengeance; many a citizen waits for such a day to settle his grudges with immunity, the dead enemy being, of course, "a victim of the revolution."

Foreigners who do not feel safe enough at home during such disturbances, and the conspirators who see their cause lost, seek refuge in the foreign consulates. When quiet is restored the foreigners return to their homes; but many of the native refugees, afraid of their lives, wait for a steamer which will take them as exiles to some foreign port, generally in Venezuela or Jamaica.

The radical measures of President Hipolyte nipped this May insurrection in the bud within a few hours. However, his severity and vigilance do not relent during times of peace. Once several shots were heard early in the morning. At day-break it was rumored that four "conspirators" had been taken from their beds at midnight, led to the public square in front of the government palace, shot, and buried immediately. Whether they were really guilty perhaps not even the President or the secret police could tell. This secret service is well organized, and has vigilant agents at Kingston, New York, and wherever exiled Haytians, burning to satisfy their own ambitions, are likely to plot against the established government. One instance will suffice to show the efficiency of this service. Through its agents Hipolyte learned, a few years ago, that General Manigat, an untiring conspirator of Kingston, had planned, together with some friends, an expedition to overthrow the government.

The yacht *Natalie*, flying the American colors, left New York under the command of a Corsican adventurer with the intention of landing at some unwatched spot of the Haytian coast. Hipolyte sent Commander Killick with three ships of the Haytian navy to intercept the filibusters. When the latter sighted the men-of-war they put into a port of a near-by English island in order to escape. Killick followed them into the harbor, and, forcible steps being impossible in English territory, he invited the commander of the *Natalie* to a conference at the American consulate, where he offered to buy the yacht, with all provisions, arms, and ammunition. The sum fell short a good deal of the money expended by General Manigat and his friends in fitting out the expedition, but being all profit for the filibuster, he accepted the proposition. Leaving two ships to watch the little craft, Killick steamed back to Port-au-Prince for the money, and in a few days returned to Hayti with the *Natalie*, a small but excellent vessel, added to the Haytian fleet at a bargain price. For this service he received the title, "Admiral of the Haytian Navy."

CARL LIPPMANN.

## To Dance with You.

To dance with you has been the best  
Life brought me; more than peace or rest  
I prized the favor; now you say  
You choose to take the boon away,  
For fear hope linger, unconfessed.

Amen. I have no heart to wrest  
Unwilling alma; I was but blest,  
What time I pleased and made you gay,  
To dance with you.

But were I dead, none to protest,  
And Time, who loves such sorry jest,  
Taught ruth for these hard words you say,  
Heaven could not hold me from you—nay,  
I would come back, a bidden guest,  
To dance with you.

GRACE MACGOWAN COOK.



POKER GAME AT FORTY-MILE.

Copyright, 1895, by Veazie Wilson.

is a newer town. It is easy of access for Birch Creek, which is a rich mining district. Circle City should become the metropolis of Alaska, for it is on American soil. It was founded in 1894 and quickly assumed some proportions. Lots here in some locations sell for four thousand dollars each. It was amusing and interesting to watch people trade here. When they pay for anything they simply throw their buckskin bag over to the proprietor; he takes out gold-dust or nuggets enough to pay the bill and throws back the bag to the customer. What a country in which to live. All trust each other; no fear of stealing. What a lesson to civilization! At Circle City we deserted the little boat that had brought us so safely from Lake Bennett and took the steamer *Alice* for the remainder of the journey to the mouth of the Yukon. This was her last trip of the season, and there were now about one thousand passengers aboard of her. All of these Yukon River boats are manned by natives. Even the pilots are all Indians or Esquimaux. I found it interesting to watch the lithe and rapid motions of the young Indians as they

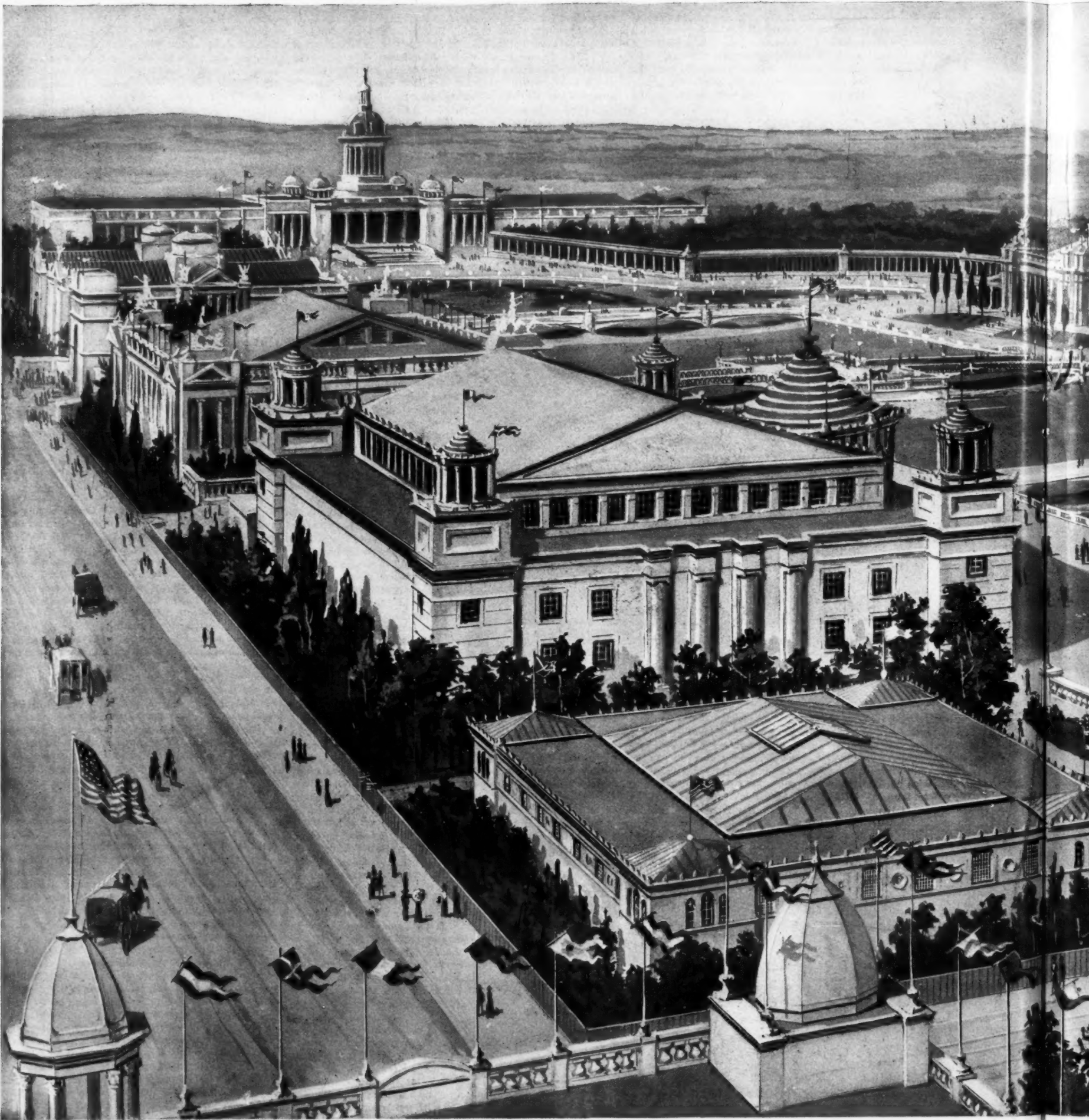


GROUP OF KLONDIKE MINERS.

Copyright, 1895, by Veazie Wilson.

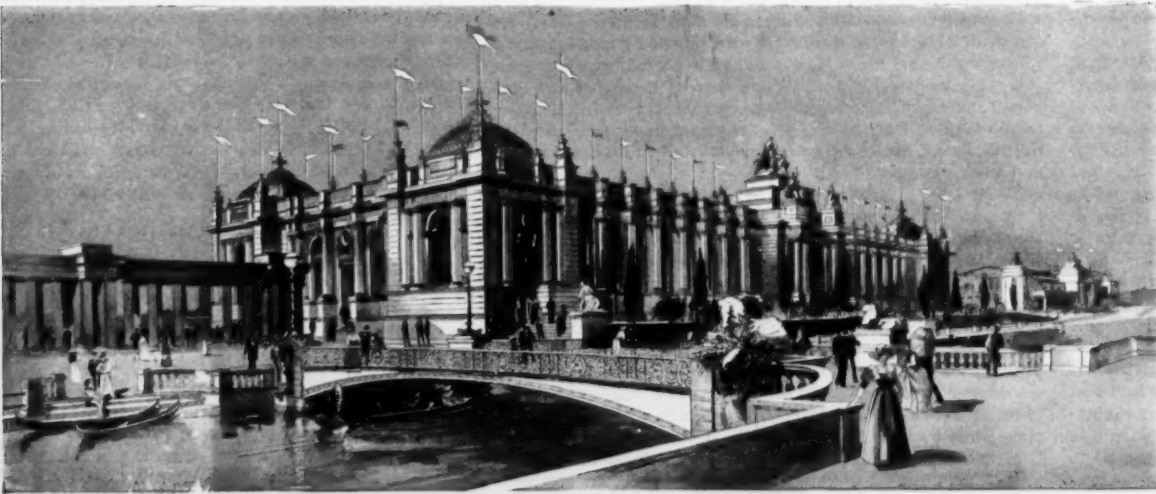
moved around putting things in order for the voyage, as the boat drifted around with the current. If negroes were substituted for the Esquimaux and Indians, from here to the mouth of the Yukon one could imagine himself on the Mississippi, for a summer trip only. Of course you would miss the watermelon. All that afternoon and night we wended in and out among the islands in the Yukon flats. I asked an old-timer on the boat if he had any idea how many islands there were on the Yukon flats. He said about fifty thousand, and looking out I was more than inclined to believe him, and to feel the greatest veneration and respect and admiration for the Indian or Esquimaux pilot who brings you safely through this labyrinth or maze. Early the following morning after leaving Circle City we were tied up at old Fort Yukon, which is just within the Arctic Circle. Here the thermometer has been known to register one hundred and twelve degrees above zero in the shade. Fort Yukon is an old Hudson's Bay post, and was in use as early as 1846. Here the tourist can obtain many Indian relics and curios. It is a unique sight to go to the Indian village here and see the squaws making moccasins, parkas, and other wearing-apparel for the white settlers. One of the handsomest garments that I ever saw was a parka made from squirrel skins. It takes about three hundred of these little skins to make one garment, and the deft way in which these are fashioned by these squaws with their primitive sewing implements would put many





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THE LAGOON AND THE PRINCIPAL



MINES AND MINING BUILDING.



MACHINERY AND ELECTRICITY

THE GREAT EVENT OF 1898—THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI AND I

[SEE ARTIST ON PAGE

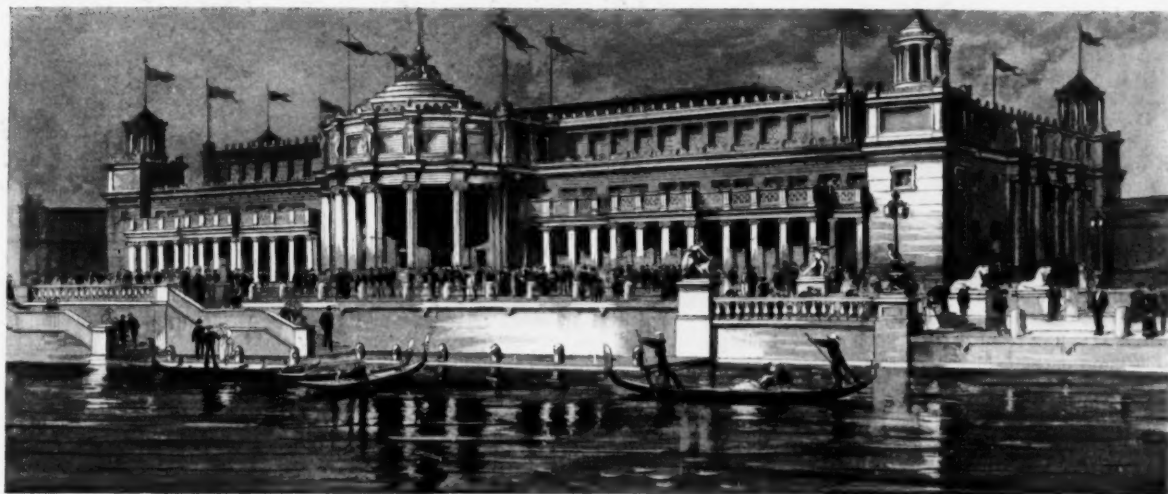




AND THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.



Y AND ELECTRICITY BUILDING.



MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

# PI AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

SEE ART ON PAGE 74.]



## The Great Event of 1898.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA, TO BE OPENED NEXT JUNE—A RIVAL OF CHICAGO'S "WHITE CITY."

No exposition of the wealth, productive industries, and civilization of the great West ever has been held. Former expositions either confined exhibits to limited territory or, as was the case at the Columbian fair, permitted foreign nations and the United States government to overshadow, if not to eclipse, the showing made by Western States, with but two or three exceptions. The Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition, which is illustrated in this week's issue of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, will display the products, manufactures, industries, and resources of the trans-Mississippi States, with exhibits illustrating educational and moral advancement, and will give the first true measure of Western civilization.

The objects to be subserved by such an exposition are largely commercial. The projectors of the Omaha exposition believe that a collection of the products and manufactures distinctively of the West will not only engage the attention of Western people, but will attract the commercial interests of the East, and thus bring the two sections into closer commercial relations.

Within Nebraska and States touching its borders there is an aggregate population exceeding nine millions, while the population of the States west of the Mississippi River has multiplied three-fold during the past twenty-five years, and to-day is no less than twenty millions. The area of the trans-Mississippi region is more than two million five hundred thousand square miles, within which are the vast cattle ranges, the great wheat and corn producing States; States and Territories which produce ninety per cent. of the precious metals and other minerals; States whose dense forests of merchantable timber are inexhaustible; States whose live stock, agriculture, horticulture, dairy, and other products of the soil are enormous beyond computation.

The Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, composed of delegates from every State and Territory west of the Mississippi River, in the fall of 1895, by unanimous vote, designated Omaha as the exposition city. Situated at the geographical centre of the United States, the metropolis of Nebraska enjoys natural advantages possessed by few cities of its class. It is one of the most important commercial distributing centres in the central West, commanding the trade of a wide territory. The value of the chief cereal products of Nebraska this year is conservatively estimated at one hundred million dollars. The live-stock industry in this and neighboring States has assumed during the past two years immense proportions. The value of the output of the Omaha packing-houses last year was over seventy-five million dollars. The aggregate increase of manufactures and industries of lesser magnitude, the fresh impetus to the beet-sugar industry and to great irrigation enterprises, and the unprecedented crops of the prairie States can be urged in support of the efforts now making to attract Eastern commercial bodies and manufacturers by making it clear to them that the Omaha exposition will afford the only opportunity ever presented to extend their trade and to establish closer and permanent commercial relations with the people of the West.

Eastern men who may have some doubt of the ability of the projectors of the Omaha exposition to push it to a successful issue are reminded that Congress more than a year ago appropriated two hundred thousand dollars for a government building and exhibits, while the Senate quite recently passed a bill appropriating forty-five thousand dollars to cover the cost of an ethnological exhibit which will be one of the strongest features of the exposition. It is proposed to gather representatives of every Indian tribe in the United States and to bring them to Omaha and provide for them an encampment which will occupy four acres of ground and will consist of two hundred and fifty tepees. In connection with the exhibit will be shown the work of Indian schools, with other products of Indian civilization—their appropriate houses, apparel, weapons, utensils, industrial appliances, and ceremonial objects.

The government commission named by President McKinley is preparing many unique features for the first time to be introduced in the government exhibit. Postmaster-General Gary has ordered a special issue of commemorative Trans-Mississippi Exposition stamps. The Government building will be the largest structure on the exposition-grounds, its total length being five hundred and four feet, and height at pinnacle one hundred and seventy-eight feet. While nearly every State in the West has signified its intention to participate in the Omaha exposition, the States in the central West are most active in preparing exhibits.

Nebraska appropriated one hundred thousand dollars, Omaha and Douglas County one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, while the people of Omaha subscribed five hundred thousand dollars. Illinois appropriated forty-five thousand dollars, and is putting up a building. Wisconsin will erect a building at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, and place therein a comprehensive exhibit of manufactures and native products. Wyoming will spend at least forty thousand dollars in making an exhibit. South Dakota has placed twenty-five thousand dollars as the limit, Iowa sixty-thousand dollars, Montana thirty thousand dollars, Utah fifteen thousand dollars, Colorado fifty thousand dollars, while Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Texas, Louisiana, California, and New Mexico are beginning the work preparatory to large representation.

The Chinese government, Canada, Mexico, Venezuela, Costa



ARCH OF THE STATES.

Rica, Bolivia, the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, and the Central and South American states will be officially represented, and most of them will place exhibits at Omaha. Thus it will be seen that the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition is not a local project. On the contrary, it is one which not only appeals to the Eastern merchant and manufacturer who seeks to extend his trade throughout the West, but to every industry seeking an extension of trade beyond the borders of the United States.

The exposition-grounds, in the northern part of Omaha, embrace two hundred acres. The site is a broad plateau overlooking the Missouri River. Trolley and steam railway lines make the run from the heart of the city in ten minutes. The arena the architects have chosen for a display of the highest artistic effect is pitched in a great rectangle half a mile long, through which a canal one hundred and fifty feet wide runs; and at the west end, facing the United States Government building, there is a three-lobed lake, four hundred feet across, connecting with

The main exposition buildings are nearing completion. One noticeable point is the success of the architects in keeping free from the influence of other expositions. The plan of grounds, the grouping and design of buildings, the scheme of color, are all wholly different from any former achievement. The buildings will be given the tint of old marble, the staff work being colored to produce this effect. There is no doubt that the builders will have completed their work in time to inaugurate the exposition on the date set, June 1st, 1898.

Many unique attractions will characterize the amusement section. There will be theatres of foreign nations and mechanical novelties in infinite variety. Cripple Creek in miniature, an exact reproduction of the famous mining-camp, will occupy fifteen thousand square feet, requiring three hundred people to produce it. The Afro-American village will be illustrative of every phase of life among the negroes of the South, reproducing the native pastimes and melodies, and portraying in detail the cotton-field and gin, plantation life, and native abodes. Voodooism, embracing many of the negro superstitions, will be a feature; while on the operatic stage the programmes will include some of the finest operas rendered by the famous negro vocalists of the United States.

It is the purpose of the managers of this concession to interest Mr. Anton Dvorak, the famous composer, of New York City, who has given special study to the native negro melodies, and to induce him, if possible, to permit the rendition of his recent composition, the theme of which is drawn from the melodies of the typical negro of the South. Sherman's umbrella, a mechanical invention by which passengers are elevated to a height of three hundred feet and revolved slowly within a circle of two hundred and fifty feet, will be a distinguishing feature of the section. There will be Moorish, Irish, Tyrolean, Chinese, and German villages, and many other high-class attractions.

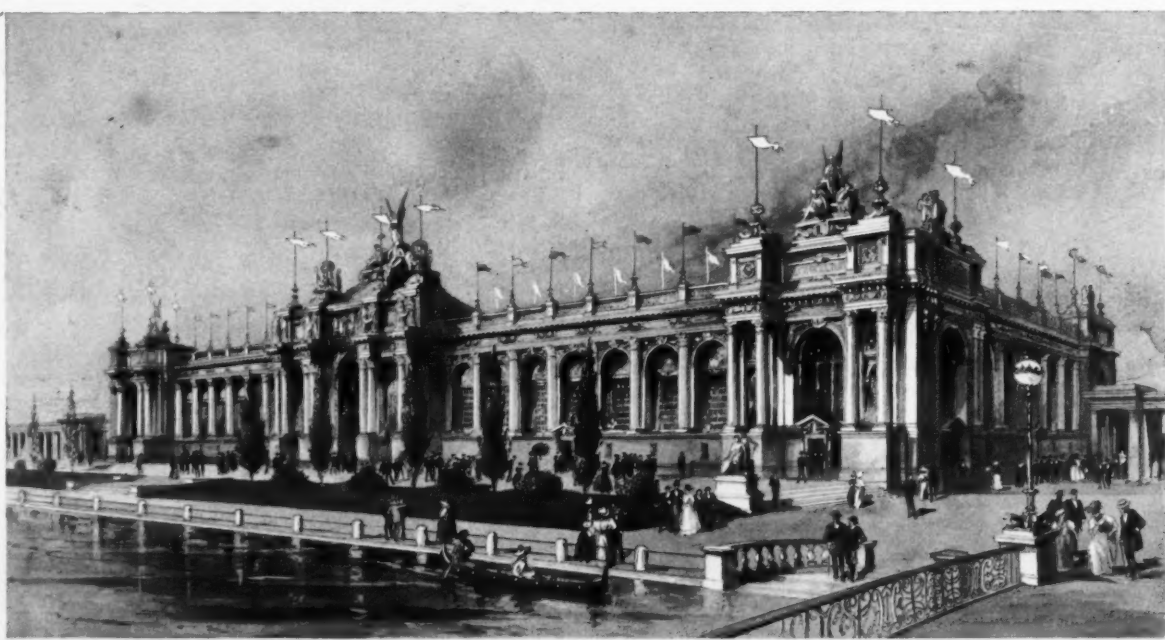
A corporation styled the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition, with a capital of one million dollars, constituted according to law, is in control of the exposition. In addition to stock subscriptions and donations amounting to five hundred thousand dollars, revenues from various sources aggregating not less than one million dollars are positively assured. With these resources at command the managers are vigorously pushing the work of preparation of grounds, construction of buildings, and of the development of plans to promote the enterprise. The active management of the exposition is vested in a directory of fifty members, with an executive committee of six department managers. Hon. Edward Rosewater, editor of the *Omaha Bee*, is manager of the department of publicity and promotion. Pictures illustrating the great buildings, bird's-eye views, and prints of the perspective of the grand canal court are recent issues of the department.

J. B. HAYNES.

## The Arkansas Cyclone.

THE historic city of Fort Smith, Arkansas, which to-day has a population of twenty thousand, was struck by a fearful cyclone on the night of January 11th. Over fifty persons were killed and two hundred injured. Most of the storm's victims were sleeping when the furious winds demolished their homes and crushed them beneath a mass of debris. It was seven minutes past eleven when the roar of the wind was first heard, and in less than five minutes' time the cyclone had swept over a large portion of the city, demolishing nearly one hundred houses and damaging as many more.

The cyclone is supposed to have originated near the Poteau River, very close to the Indian Territory line, at Fort Smith's western limits. It first devastated the beautiful National Cemetery. The United States court-house and post-office were two blocks from the path of the storm, and the city hall was missed by only a block. Among the buildings destroyed were two hotels and a lodging-house, which were patronized by the farmers and people of limited means. From one of these buildings eight dead bodies were recovered, and from another seventeen dead and four injured were taken. The electric lights went out and the city was in dark-



AGRICULTURE BUILDING.

ness, except where fires broke out, and when the lightning's flashes revealed the horrors of the situation. A heavy down-pour of rain followed for a few minutes, and men, women, and children were out in the rain and darkness, falling over wreckage and broken wires. The cyclone's sweep was about one hundred yards wide. So powerful was the force of the storm that portions of tin-roofing and a Thirteenth Street sign were carried twenty-three miles. The loss is estimated at about one million dollars, and there was practically no tornado insurance on any of the buildings. The total number of dead bodies found was fifty-two, and it is supposed that others were burned, or are still buried beneath the debris.





THE CLASS OF TWO YEARS AGO, WHEN IT ENTERED THE SCHOOL.

### The Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

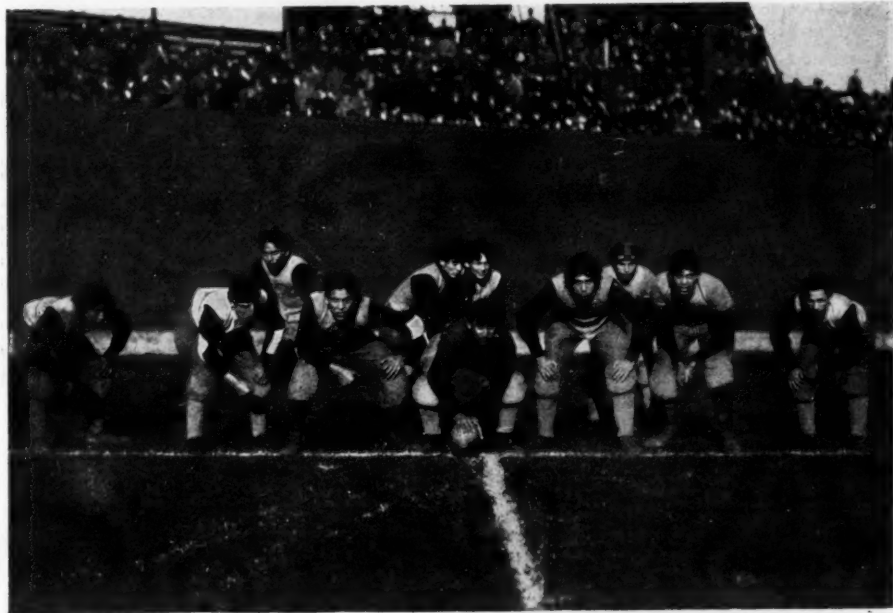
If the present session of Congress is not shortened too much to allow of the introduction and discussion of certain miscellaneous bills already prepared for its consideration it is almost certain

faithful in its work among the girls. They are taught sewing, house-work in all departments, cooking, waiting, wood-carving, etc. Many of the girls after leaving the school become trained nurses. This is an occupation for which the Indian girl seems specially fitted by nature.

During the summer vacations many of the Indian boys hire out to farmers in the adjacent districts, while the girls often take places to do house-work. They earn considerable money in this way. The atmosphere of the place is distinctly religious. There is plenty of time for healthful recreation; sports of a wholesome kind are generously encouraged. The football team, in fact, has gained quite a national reputation. The dormitories, hall, teachers' homes, school-rooms, workshops, and, in fact, all of the many and various buildings are large, substantial, healthful, and admirably adapted to the ends which they subserve. The grounds, too, are large and spacious.

The school inculcates a broad, deep patriotism, while at the same time it fosters family ties and family affections. That the primal end of the school is being attained was evidenced in the speeches of many of the graduates at the last commencement exercises. More than half of them stated that the Indian must give up his tribal relations and tribal dependence—which serve to foster pauperism—and must become a man among men, doing his own work and winning his own way in life just as the Anglo-Saxon boy does.

MABEL CRONISE JONES.



CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL FOOT-BALL TEAM.

that steps will be taken toward the establishment of several Indian schools in various portions of the United States. These will all be modeled after the only one of the kind now in existence, the Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, which is under the management of Captain Pratt.

This school is under the direct control of the national government, but the idea of the school originated in the mind of Cap-

tain Pratt himself. To his energy and unflinching enthusiasm is due the astounding success of the experiment. It is but just to say, however, that Mrs. Pratt has rendered him assistance in his work that can hardly be over-estimated.



THE CLASS OF TWO YEARS AGO AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY.

A year since, at the annual commencement of the Indian

man with a sense of humor. Daudet imitated his friend's study of the morning paper. "What is the news?—the Turkish war, Armenian massacres, hundreds killed in a railway accident, earthquakes, floods, strikes—oh, there's nothing in this paper!" says Zola, taking up another. "What's this?—Emile Zola's

school, General Howard and Fitzhugh Lee were among the noted speakers. Looking at the subject from radically different points of view, they were yet equally emphatic in asserting that Captain Pratt had found the true key to the Indian problem.

These young Indian boys and girls are brought from the plains in their odd costumes, ignorant of everything which pertains to our civilization. Often, too, they are unable to speak a word of English. They receive half-a-day's drill in intellectual studies, and the other half-day is devoted to manual training. The boys are taught carpentry, tinning, blacksmithing, type-setting, etc., and are thoroughly drilled in whatever line they show most aptitude. Consequently, the young Indian goes forth from the school equipped with a knowledge which will suffice to render him independent and self-supporting. The school is equally

new masterpiece just out, selling by the hundred thousand—well, there's a paper worth reading!" Daudet had a talent for mimicry, and he used to get this off with zest.

To the average Anglo-Saxon a French funeral is incredibly dramatic. The children of Daudet received the guests at this last reunion; every one who entered must press his hands in passing the bier. The friends followed the coffin afoot from the house to the church—an interesting procession of well-known men and women—authors, actors, artists. The six cords of the bier are held by Zola, Lemaitre, Doumont, Henriques, Hebler, and Hervieu. The sons and nephews of the dead man walk through the streets behind his body, then the representative of the President of the republic, then public ministers and officers and representatives of societies. Then others whose names we know—Bernhardt, Calvé, Réjane, Mollard, Rodin, Raffaelli, Monet, Coppée, Sardou—hundreds of others, the leaders of all the schools, rivals, enemies, meeting behind the bier of the man they loved, or admired, or quarreled with, who now in death won their public homage.

There was no speaking, but fine music is better than eulogies. Massenet, who made an opera out of Daudet's "Sapho," arranged this last tribute to his friend and collaborator. And then came the last act, the procession to Père Lachaise, Zola's parting tribute over the grave, the final giving-over to earth. It is cruel to dead heroes to bury them in Père Lachaise, under heaps of bead-wreaths and china immortels, many miles from the great out-of-doors.

HARPER MONROE.

### Cupid Asleep.

(A PANEL.)

Thou sleepest—thou  
In whom the queen of love delights.  
Thou sleepest now,  
Who sendest many sleepless nights,  
And days of tears to mortal wights.  
Thou sleepest—thou,  
While near thee gleams thy torch of light—  
Thou sleepest now  
With fingers on thy bow of might,  
And arrows ever winged for flight.  
Cythera's son,  
Be others bold. Yet much I fear,  
Thou haughty one.  
Lest to thy sleeping eyes appear  
Dreams which may bring to mine—a tear.

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

### Are You to Live in Alaska?

THE universal article of diet in that country, depended upon and indispensable, is bread or biscuit. And to make the bread and biscuit, either in the camp or upon the trail, yeast cannot be used—it must be baking powder; and the powder manufactured by the processes of the Royal Baking Powder Company, miners and prospectors have learned, is the only one which will stand in that peculiar climate of cold and dampness and raise the bread and biscuit satisfactorily.

These facts are very important for every one proposing to go to Alaska and the Yukon country to know, for should he be persuaded by some outfitter to take one of the cheap brands of baking powder, it will cost just as much to transport it, and then when he opens it for use, after all his labor in packing it over the long and difficult route, he will find a solid caked mass or a lot of spoiled powder, with no strength and useless. Such a mistake might lead to the most serious results. Alaska is no place in which to experiment in food, or try to economize with your stomach. For use in such a climate, and under the trying and fatiguing conditions of life and labor in that country, everything must be the best and most useful, and above all it is imperative that all food supplies shall have perfect keeping qualities. It is absurd to convey over such difficult and expensive routes an article that will deteriorate in transit, or that will be found when required for use to have lost a great part of its value.

There is no better guide to follow in these matters than the advice of those who have gone through similar experience. Mr. McQuesten, who is called "the father of Alaska," after an experience of years upon the trail, in the camp, and in the use of every kind of supply, says: "We find in Alaska that the importance of a proper kind of baking powder cannot be over-estimated. A miner with a can of bad baking powder is almost helpless in Alaska. We have tried all sorts, and have been obliged to settle down to use nothing but the Royal. It is stronger and carries further at first, but above all things, it is the only powder that will endure the severe climatic changes of the arctic region."

It is for the same reasons that the U. S. Government in its relief expeditions, and Peary, the famous arctic traveler, have carried the Royal Baking Powder exclusively.

The Royal Baking Powder will not cake nor lose its strength either on board ship or in damp climates, and is the most highly concentrated and efficient of leavening agents. Hence it is indispensable to every Alaskan outfit. It can be had of any of the trading companies in Alaska, but should the miner procure his supplies before leaving, he should resist every attempt of the outfitter to palm off upon him any of the other brands of baking powder, for they will spoil and prove the cause of great disappointment and trouble.

### An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for asthma, in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.



## Boldini and His Portraits.

JEAN BOLDINI, of Paris—the brilliant, the magnetic, the masterful portrait-painter whom all the world knows—becomes temporarily John Boldini of New York. He has pitched his artistic tent in the galleries of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., where a number of his works are now on exhibition, including besides the three portraits here reproduced those of Verdi, the Princess Poniatowska, and Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg. The painter



JEAN BOLDINI.

himself is at work there, and among his sitters are a number of New-Yorkers of distinction, beauty, and renown. Among these are Mrs. Henry Poor and Mr. Stanford White. Then there is a full length portrait of Miss Elsie de Wolfe, in which that charming actress beams from the canvas with an animation possible only through the impulsive magic of Boldini's brush.

Personally, Boldini is a man of the Napoleonic type, as to head and stature, possibly forty-five years of age, vivacious, ardent, sympathetic in manner—in fact, the ideal Parisian, although he is Italian born. With him acquaintance means friendship. Probably no other artist of the time has so large

and cosmopolitan a circle of intimates as Boldini has acquired in the course of his professional sojourns in France, England, Germany, Italy—and, now, America. He has painted some celebrities and many ladies and children; and all his portraits show that keen instinct of individuality, that intuitive intimacy of the artist with his subject, which expresses itself spontaneously in his work, and strikes the beholder with the emotion of life itself. "They live!" as William M. Chase exclaimed enthusiastically, the other day, standing before his friend's vivid and exquisite representation of "the Countess P—."

With Boldini as with all real masters, the style is essentially the man. But in his case the man himself is impressionable; and there are at times in his manner suggestions of Whistler, of Sargent, of Shannon. Like them, he is at once a dashing impressionist and a finished, almost unerring, technician. With him a picture is like a lyric poem—the expression of a single mood, fleeting as it is rare, and only to be caught by a triumphant *bravura* of execution—in short, an inspiration. That is the dominant note of modern portraiture, as exemplified by the painters just named, and by others perhaps equally eminent whose names recur in such association.

The portrait of Mademoiselle Concha, a pretty South American, is what a Whistlerian might call a symphony in gray and rose, the *nuances* paling in pearl or warming to pink flesh-tints in a manner that somehow subtly suggests a rare delicacy and sweetness of individuality in the original. Whistler himself is a few feet away, in an astonishing counterfeit presentment which to those who know him is truer to the life than some aspects of the life itself. It is a magnificent demonstration of Boldini's power to know his subject, and then to express what he knows, with the precision of the inevitable.

If any one portrait were to be singled out from the little group now on view at the Boussod-Valadon galleries, as concentrating in itself the most brilliant and the most fascinating qualities of Boldini's work, probably it would be the pastel head of Verdi. Not merely is this a "speaking" likeness, but the very soul of the grand old poet of melody seems to look out through those clear eyes. The circumstances under which this marvelous picture was made are generally known—if they were not, one might divine them. It appears that Verdi has always had an insuperable aversion to posing for his portrait; but when he was in Paris for the production of "Falstaff," eight or nine years ago, he was entertained by his compatriot Boldini, who charmed him with Italian reminiscences and recollections of his earlier operas, until at last he yielded to the painter's persuasions, and this head was wrought, by a prodigious *tour de force*, at a single sitting, after the illustrious subject had put on his hat and muffler to depart. It is said that tears were on his cheeks, and appeared in the portrait as originally finished. They are not there now—and yet, there are tears in the expression.

It is of this Verdi that a New York critic has well said—what may apply generally to Boldini's best portraits: "Nervous, dispassionate, scorning idealization, and rendering with the keenest precision every trait revealed by the composer's physiognomy, it has the vividness of life with a distinction that only art can give to life."

HENRY TYRRELL.



J. A. MCNEILL WHISTLER.



MADEMOISELLE CONCHA.



COMTESSE P—.





AUGUSTA VICTORIA, EMPRESS OF GERMANY, AT THE IMPERIAL RIDING-SCHOOL, BERLIN.—*Illustrirte Zeitung*.



FESTIVAL OF ST. GENEVIÈVE, PATRONESS OF PARIS—BOOTHS IN THE PLACE DU PANTHÉON. *L'Illustration*.



After a tiger-hunt.



Fallen kings of the jungle.

ROYAL SPORT IN INDIA.—*Sport im Bild*.



Rhinoceros.

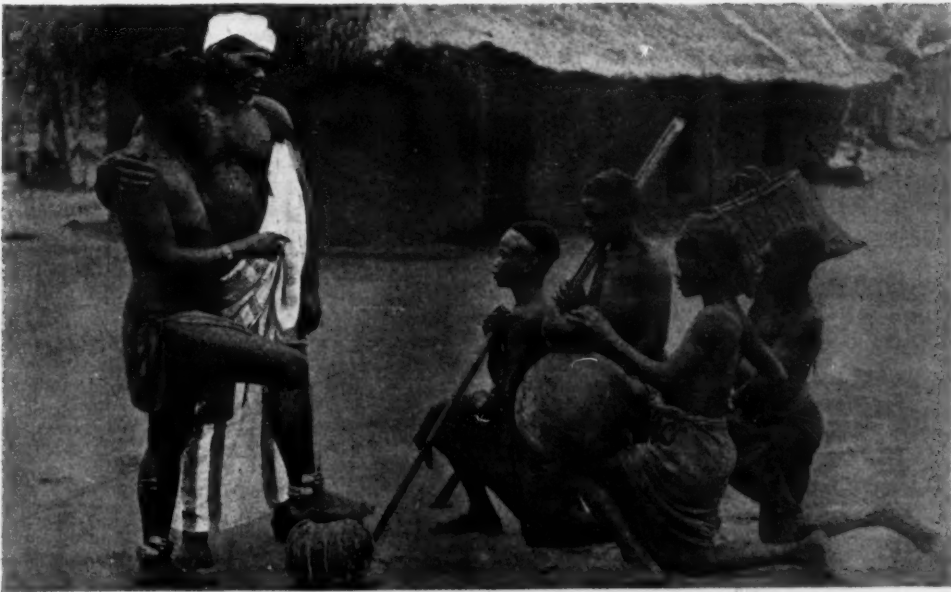
BIG GAME BAGGED BY MESSRS. CAVENDISH AND ANDREW, BRITISH EXPLORERS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.—*St. Paul's*.



Ostrich



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA AND HIS THREE GRANDCHILDREN.—*Black and White*.



OFFERINGS TO AN AFRICAN BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.—*St. Paul's*.



## Life Insurance—

## Interesting Revelations.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

A FAIR illustration of the sort of hardship that is inflicted upon life-insurance companies by inexperienced or thoughtless State insurance superintendents may be found in a recent occurrence. Without any notice the officials of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, of New York, were served with the credentials of Amasa Thornton, which he had received from the Illinois State insurance superintendent, and which authorized him to examine all the securities of the company. A work of such magnitude would naturally be intrusted to an expert accountant, but Thornton is simply a young lawyer who has been mixed up in various complications of ward politics in New York. How the superintendent of insurance of a great State like Illinois came to designate Mr. Thornton for such a task as the inspection and examination of millions of dollars' worth of securities puzzles insurance circles. It has been the custom for foreign superintendents to consult the superintendent of insurance of New York before proceeding to investigate the accounts of New York companies, but even this ordinary courtesy was neglected by the Illinois superintendent. It would be decidedly interesting if the facts connected with this very peculiar transaction could be laid before the public, and perhaps I may be able to secure them.

Another of the beneficial and fraternal societies has gone to the wall, leaving its beneficiaries to whistle to the wind for their money. The Royal Benefit Society, of the city of New York, has made an assignment after three years of precarious existence—liabilities, \$10,607; assets, \$79. A year ago the company reported that its assets were \$46,000, and that its receipts for the year had been \$43,000, of which nearly \$30,000 had gone for expenses. That settled the fate of the company. After the expenses were paid there was little left for the members. If the readers of this column will watch the annual reports of the life-insurance companies in which they carry insurance they will learn a good many things they ought to know.

It may interest some of the mourning members of the Massachusetts Benefit Life Association to hear that its assets amount to about half a million dollars, and that the accrued claims thus far made aggregate over \$1,000,000. Evidently the Massachusetts Benefit lived too long.

A reader at Baltimore says: "I see that the Supreme Court by Justice Harlan has decided that a man who is sane and commits suicide cannot, through his heirs, recover the amount of his policy. If I mistake not, the company in which I am insured contracts that after two payments the heirs may recover, even in case of suicide. Said company is the Provident Life and Trust Company, of Philadelphia. What is your opinion of said company? Do you approve of the life and trust companies being united as one company, or are they so separate that one's interest is not jeopardized? Please give me some light, as I hold a \$4,000 endowment policy in it, payable, according to contract, nine years hence. Are we to understand from the Harlan decision that the heirs of a suicide have to prove the insanity of the deceased in order to recover the amount of the policy?"

I reply that the Provident Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia is a stock company with \$1,000,000 capital, and doing a good business. Its total receipts during 1896 were reported at \$5,700,000. It paid to its policy-holders about \$3,000,000, so that the policy-holders got about half of the total receipts. The miscellaneous expenses foot up to over \$872,000. The mingling of any other business with life insurance is not altogether desirable in the judgment of many, but I think my correspondent is insured with reasonable safety, though not in one of the largest companies. As to Judge Harlan's decision, it can hardly overrule the terms of a contract. In the case which he decided, the insured committed suicide within less than a year after increasing his insurance to the extent of \$200,000, and it was shown that he had written a letter the day before his death, stating that he intended to kill himself, so that his life-insurance could be used to pay his debts.

Of course, if such a trick upon an insurance company were to be permitted, honest-minded policy-holders would be the sufferers, because their interests could not be properly safeguarded. Judge Harlan did not decide that the heirs of a suicide have to prove the insanity of the deceased in order to recover the amount of the policy. He simply decided that when a man deliberately declared that his purpose was to kill himself to get the benefit of his life insurance he should be held to forfeit his policy. It is interesting to note that the case referred to went before a jury and was appealed from court to court until it reached the highest court in the land, and the jury and the courts all and alike decided against the insured.

Inquiries from S. & L., Cincinnati; W. T. P., Holley, New York; C. S. P., Wheeling, West Virginia; F. D., Ithaca, New York; "Sivad," Haverhill, Massachusetts; G. H. S., Baltimore; and L. N., Braddock, Pennsylvania, remain to be answered shortly.

*The Hermit.*

## Receptions at the White House.

A NEW DEPARTURE THAT WORKS WELL.

ANY one who has been at a White House reception will sympathize with the action taken under authority of President McKinley recently to modify its terrors. There should have been a new mansion for the President years ago, or an enlargement of the old building; but in the present state of the Treasury the President thought it unwise to recommend an appropriation by Congress. Lacking a building sufficiently large to accommodate the thousands who have attended each reception in the past, the President was forced to bring the crowd down to the limits of the accommodations. This he has tried to do by determining that the honors of the receptions shall be divided among those who are entitled to them. Thus, instead of calling the four formal receptions "The Diplomatic," "The Judicial," "The Congressional," and "The Army and Navy" receptions, as in the past, and inviting every one who could expect that honor to, not one, but all of them, he has made Congress and

the judiciary equal with the diplomatic corps at the first reception; devoted the second to the judiciary, part of Congress, and part of the press; the third to the army and navy, part of Congress, and part of the press; and the fourth to part of Congress, the judiciary, the diplomatic corps, and part of the press.

In this nice adjustment of the honors every member of Congress, of the diplomatic corps, and of the judiciary will be invited to two receptions; the army and navy will be invited to one, and the press will be received in three relays, so that every editor and correspondent at Washington will be invited once.

The extension of the President's courtesies to the press as a body is one of the significant features of this rearrangement of the social programme, for no other President has placed the press on a par with Congress, the judiciary, the army and navy, and the diplomatic corps.

Another peculiar feature of the preparations for the White House receptions is the issue of individual invitations to all the ladies who are expected. In the Congressional Directory the name of each Senator and member is accompanied by signs indicating the ladies of their households. Before the name of Senator Frye appears an asterisk, which indicates that the Senator's wife accompanies him to Washington. Senator Baker's name is preceded by two marks—\* §—which indicate that he has a wife and one daughter. Before the name of Senator Cullom are three signs—\* § §—which show that Senator Cullom's family consists of a wife, one daughter, and one other lady.

Guided by these marks, the clerks at the White House send invitations from the President to every lady in the household of the gentleman who is asked to be a guest at one of the receptions. There is no miscellaneous "and ladies" on any of the invitations; and great is the grief in the Congressional boarding-house. The landladies of the Congressmen and their attractive daughters, who swarmed at past receptions, are not so conspicuous this season.

The new limit fixed for the President's receptions is sixteen hundred. The space for entertaining in the President's house is confined to the East Room (seventy-nine by thirty-eight feet), the Green Room (twenty-eight by twenty-two feet), and the corridor (seventy-nine by eighteen feet). In this limited space it is not possible to accommodate more than sixteen hundred people in an evening with either comfort or safety. What has been suffered in the past by the devoted men and women who have met in a crowd of four or five thousand in the executive mansion could fill a large volume. The struggle at these receptions in recent years has been terrific. Beautifully-dressed women have been forced, half-fainting, through a jam at the door, to find themselves, a few minutes later, in some corner of the corridor, stripped of their finery, with hair disarranged and gown ruined by the rough experience. Crushed hats and torn overcoats were a common result of the overcrowding. Fainting women dropped on every hand. And through the whole miserable show the President, instead of entertaining his guests, stood like a stiff-armed automaton, shaking hands persistently with the men and women who poured past him in a solid stream.

At some private houses in Washington it has been necessary to put police on guard at the door, and require the guests to show cards of invitation. No commonplace sense of self-respect or decency has ever kept the mob of uninvited from the White House when the President receives. At the first reception this season, that in honor of the diplomatic corps, held January 19th, some persons who appeared without admission-cards were turned away. The attendance was large, but all the guests were comfortable, and there was no such crowding and pushing as have been witnessed in other years. The new rule respecting invitations works well. GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

## Financial.—Senator

## Wolcott's Change.

THE most important event in the financial world of late, and perhaps one of the most far-reaching in its ultimate consequences, is the public declaration by Senator Wolcott in favor of changing the ratio of silver and gold from sixteen to one to twenty to one.

Senator Wolcott has been the most eloquent and perhaps the most able and consistent advocate of free silver in the United States. He has brought to the consideration and discussion of the subject a cultured and cultivated mind, enriched by experiences in our greatest silver-producing State, and greatly broadened by personal association abroad with the greatest financiers of our times. The importance of Senator Wolcott's action in abandoning his demand for silver coinage at the ratio of sixteen to one, and in suggesting it, coinage at the new ratio of twenty to one, cannot be overlooked. He does not abandon his contention for free coinage, in which so many thoughtful, as well as so many thoughtless, persons in the West and South believe, but he has reached the conclusion after his experiences abroad as an official commissioner, interested in securing international agreement on the silver question, that such an agreement cannot be reached, in view of the low price of silver, on the proposed basis of sixteen to one. He thinks it may be necessary to change the ratio to something like twenty to one, and he still has hope that the project of international bimetalism is feasible.

No one who is familiar with the serious decline in the value of silver will question the accuracy of Senator Wolcott's judgment. No matter whether a man believes in free coinage or not, he cannot, if he be a sensible man, believe that silver and gold can be placed on an equality at the mint, with silver worth only half of what it was when its free coinage was originally established, while gold is still at the same value it has always had.

The people in the East who denounce the advocates of free silver in the West and the South are not justified in assailing these advocates as anarchists, socialists, and communists, for surely such men of character and standing as Senators Wolcott and Teller, and many others that I might mention, cannot be put in any of these classes. The silver-producing States naturally believe in free silver, and they believe in any methods by which silver can be given a permanent or even a fictitious value.

Prosperity to the mining States means prosperity to the contiguous States and Territories, and their inhabitants have been taught to believe that the Republican party, by advocating the protection of the domestic producer from the foreign competitor, has lent itself to the doctrine that any method is justifiable which will increase the value of an American product. Beyond this the belief is firmly implanted in the minds of many who read more than they think—which is an unfortunate habit in this country—that the more money there is, the more prosperous the people will be. Twenty years ago it was proposed to create more money by an enormous issue of greenbacks. Now the demand is for the creation of it by the coinage of silver at the old ratio of sixteen to one, even though that puts into each silver dollar less than half a dollar's worth of the white metal.

Some of us can remember, forty years ago, how the craze for more money took effect in the shape of State-bank issues. So many State banks were created, and so many bank-bills were printed by them, that there was more than enough to go around. But the trouble was that the banks could not redeem all their notes, and the poor holders of them, when the banks failed, were left with nothing to show for their money. The "rag money" craze had a similar experience, and it was natural, therefore, that the advocates of more money, having been taught that paper in itself, no matter what was printed on it, did not constitute money, should turn to something possessing an intrinsic value. If a piece of silver worth fifty cents could be stamped with the mark of one dollar it would certainly be worth its value in silver, no matter what might happen to our banks or bankers.

Thoughtful men would argue that while this government has been able to maintain at the value of one dollar a piece of silver worth only fifty cents, yet there might come a time, if we should coin too many of these silver dollars, when the credit of the government would be jeopardized. The advocates of free silver have insisted that the credit of this government was too good to be jeopardized, and they have demanded, and still demand, that the experiment be tried; and they are willing, if it be tried and fail, to admit the failure.

This is the Western view, but the banker both in the East and West points out the terrible danger and the frightful loss that would inevitably follow if the free-coinage experiment, like the State-bank and rag-money experiments, should fail. At this juncture Senator Wolcott comes to the front with his suggestion that we increase the value of the silver dollar, and he has thus taken the first step toward bringing the East and West nearer to an agreement on the subject, for few would oppose the free coinage of silver if it were stipulated that every silver dollar should contain nearly a dollar's worth of silver metal.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND,

January 12th, 1898.

"Jasper," *Leslie's Weekly*.—Taking advantage of your kind offer to answer inquiries of a financial nature, I would like to hear your opinion regarding Central Pacific shares. Last summer while abroad I bought one hundred (100) of them at \$14.50 per share on the advice of some friend who told me that they would certainly advance; they did, up to \$18.50. Afterwards, while I still was abroad, and before I came back they had dropped down to about \$16.00, and finally to between \$10.00 and \$11.00. Can you inform me what the outlook is for them, especially as to any impending rearrangement of the finances of the road, and what effect the default in the paying of the debt which the railroad owes to the government may have on the common shares? Thanking you in advance,

I am yours truly,

H. R. W.

I reply that the matter of the bonded debt of the Central Pacific Railroad has been placed in the hands of Spyer & Co., bankers, of New York City, and I think if my correspondent would communicate with these parties he would obtain the information he seeks. I would not advise the sale of the stock, no matter whether or not the road has to pass through a process of reorganization and assessment. The condition of the stock market is such as to indicate that there will be a general rise in the low-priced shares this year, and unless some extraordinary circumstance arises, "H. R. W.," in my judgment, will be able to get his money back with interest. JASPER.

## Siberian Epicures.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, February 1st, 1898.

THE opening of the Siberian Railway will have the effect of overturning entirely the preconceived idea that Siberia is a land in which gastronomic refinements are entirely unknown. From Rykosek a recent visitor reports that meals were served to him that could not be excelled anywhere in Europe, from the point of view of perfection in cookery. The sterlet, a fish that Sir Edwin Arnold says combines the delicacy of the trout, the crispness of the turbot, and the digestibility of the sole, was flavored with sauce of Liebig Company's Extract. It was surprising that in almost every leading hotel of those distant Asiatic towns, Liebig Company's Extract was in evidence as much, if not more so, than at fashionable Marguery's, in Paris.

But while this is true of public houses, the trials of housekeeping were never more primitive, even in darkest Africa. Filth in every form appears to be a necessary accompaniment of the Siberian cuisine. The kitchen sink is on the floor, with an outlet through the wall. There is no underground drainage, and the sewage is as apt to flow about the well as anywhere else. The cook, in toasting bread, holds it between his toes before a charcoal fire. Chinamen are more cleanly, but they frequently use the soup-tureen to wash their feet in. In one particular Siberians secure greater cleanliness through the use of pure wood ashes for washing utensils instead of soap. The former have pungent cleansing properties without a disagreeable reminder, as in the case of the latter.

One of the chief specialties served at Siberian restaurants is *Stchy* and *Borsh*. There is nothing in the culinary science of any other land compared with these two kinds of soup. The *Stchy* has for its essential element cabbage, and the *Borsh* is based upon beets. What other materials go in with these passeth human understanding, except that beef plays a great rôle in the drama of the *Stchy*; and, as *Borsh* is white when it is served, I suspect that there may be milk in it. But without pausing to debate these recondite subjects, let us not forget one article that is always to be found at every railway restaurant in Russia, as in every palace and in every hut, always in transcendent perfection. I mean tea. An express train sends its hundred passengers into a commonplace railway-station, and steaming on a vast counter before them stand a hundred glasses of tea. Some have thin slices of lemon for those who like that condiment, and others are served simply with as much sugar as you like; or, if you want a drop of cream, you can get that, too; but the tea itself is something ecstatic, and you may voyage all around the earth, from London to Fomosa, and then back to Dover, and never find any tea of such beautiful, inexplicable, delightful, living exquisiteness—enough to enchain an ascetic and rejuvenate an antediluvian. C. FRANK DEWEY.



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—Judge.

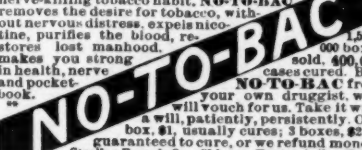
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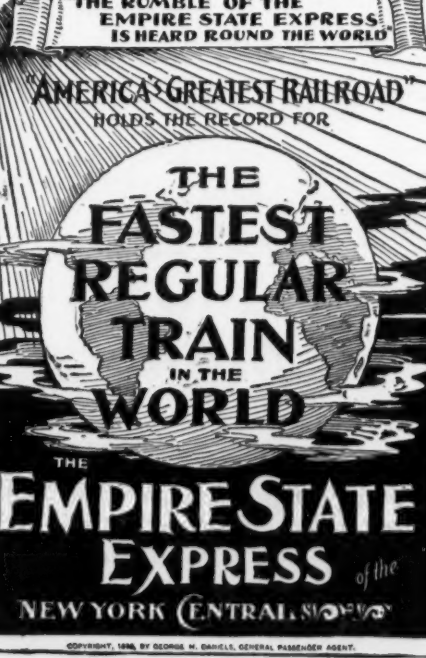
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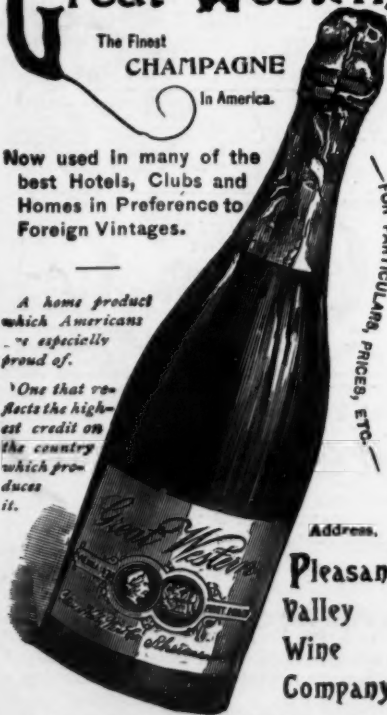
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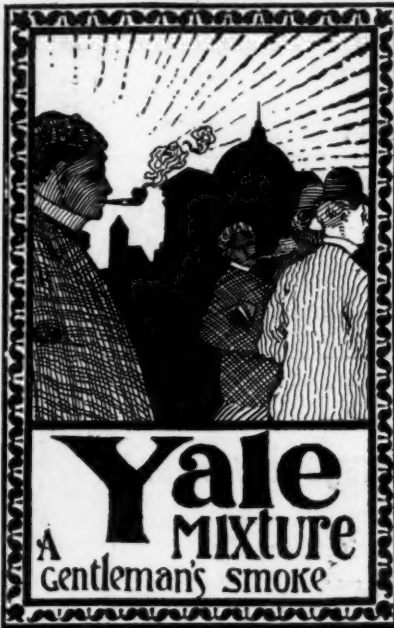
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